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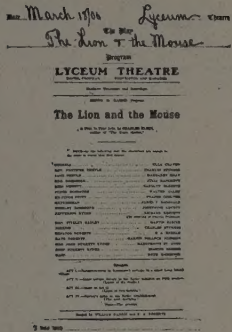
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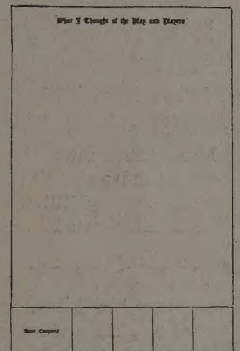
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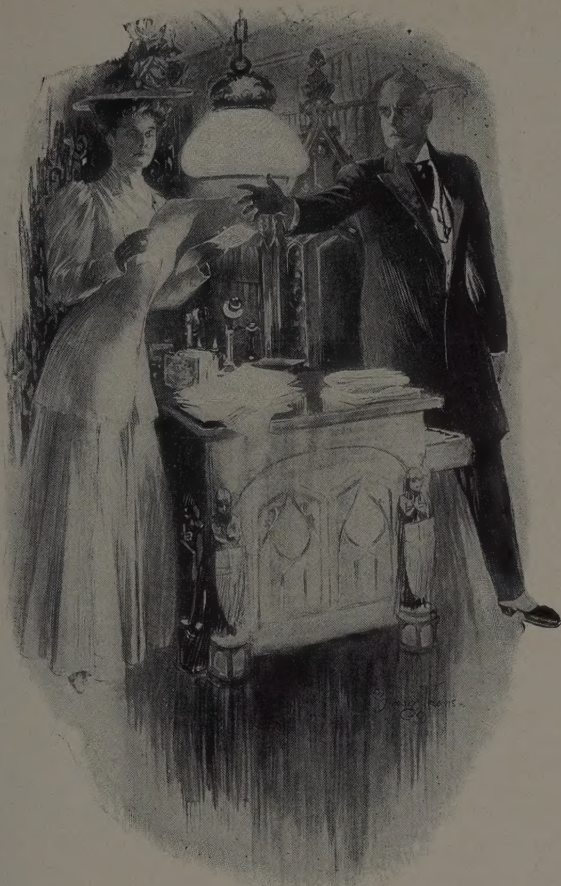
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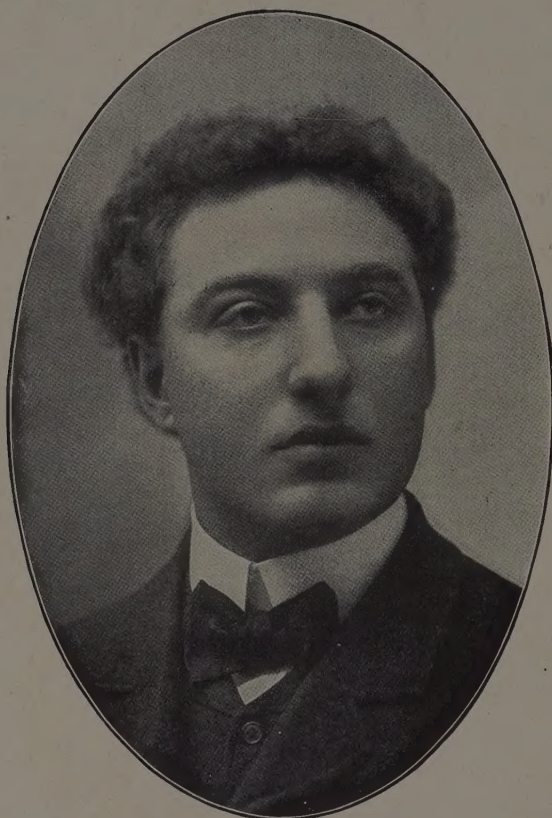
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THE THEATRE

VOL. VI., No. 68

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1906

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo by Byron, N. Y.

BERTHA KALICH IN "THE KREUTZER SONATA" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



The Current Plays



EMPIRE "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER," comedy in four acts, by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced September 3, with this cast:

Hilary Jesson, John Drew; Filmer Jesson, C. M. Halland; Derek Jesson, Leona Powers; Sir Daniel Ridgeley, Arthur Elliot; Pryce Ridgeley, Martin Sabine; Major Maureward, Henry Vibart; Dr. Dilnott, Herbert Budd; Harding, Gilbert Douglas; Forshaw, Rex McDougal; Butler, Maurice Franklin; Footman, H. R. Pratt; Nina, Margaret Illington; Lady Ridgeley, Lena Haliday; Geraldine Ridgeley, Madge Girdlestone; Mlle. Thome, Hope Latham.

This piece was the most important production on the English stage last year, and, on the strength of enthusiastic reports of its success in London, high expectations were formed of it on this side of the Atlantic as a suitable vehicle for John Drew. As a matter of fact Mr. Drew never had a part which afforded him less opportunity, and the play itself, considering its source, proved a frank disappointment. Although the result of many years of experience and the ripened thought of a mature dramatist, "His House in Order" will not, in our opinion, be remembered among the best of Mr. Pinero's plays. In fact, we consider it one of the most faulty, and when dissected in its motives, in its theme, in its treatment, we must pronounce it conventional and trite. The play suffers from a diffuseness of expression which makes the story unnecessarily complicated, and it is often a mental fatigue for the audience to discern the dramatist's meaning.

The opening scene is a conversation between a newspaper reporter and a young fellow whose relation to the action is very hazy and who pops in and out for no reason whatever during the course of the play. He gives to the reporter a minute description of every member of the family. This wearisome scene we find leads to nothing, as both the reporter and the young man disappear for good. It was used by the playwright to introduce to the audience the *dramatis personæ* and explain their relations to one another. This is dramatic license, but now the family appear and between the two brothers we have a repetition of the same family history. In fact, the entire first act is a rather strained effort to establish these conditions, which are of the simplest kind and could be explained in a few words. They are to this effect:

A nondescript individual, presumably drawn from the most dead level, commonplace English middle class, although on the programme we find him to be a member of Parliament, has married a second time, and it seems has repented, not at leisure, but at once. This man, as depicted by Mr. Pinero, is a most uninteresting type for dramatic treatment. He is preachy and does not practise what he preaches. He is narrow and is continually talking about his personal comfort. His principal pleasures in life are a good dinner, a short sermon and an afternoon nap. He puts one in mind of one of those elderly spinsters whose highest ideal is a room that has been newly dusted. This paragon of commonplaceness for a moment forgets himself and is attracted toward a pretty young governess, who apparently has

married him for a good home. Immediately after the marriage he installs his first wife's sister, who is the perfection of a dust chaser, as mistress of the house, and this person, a spinster-feminine, subjects the young wife to all sorts of petty tyranny. Now, out of these conditions we must concede that Shakespeare himself could get no drama, and Mr. Pinero naturally has to resort to well-known theatrical tricks in order to develop his barren theme.

Our expert playwright resorts, therefore, as does the experienced cook, to the eggs, milk and flour which are the basis of all gastronomical creations, and of course he must sit at the foot of the great dramatic *chef*, Alexandre Dumas fils. The character of Hilary Jesson, played by John Drew, has been the salt of the French drama for half a century—the middle aged, *débonnaire*, know-it-all man of the world, who has no domestic ties of his own and takes pleasure in putting his nose into the household affairs of all his friends. We recognize in this character our old friend, the squire of dames, of "L'Ami des Femmes," and the

polished, irresistible Olivier de Jalin of "Le Demi Monde." This character, which was made so brilliant in the hands of French actors, had in those plays a *raison d'être*, as he always held the threads of the plot in his hand, and was the *Deus ex machina*; but here he pops up again in a complication where he is absolutely out of place. He is used in the first act simply as a feeder for the different characters to tell their complaints to. In the second act we find him taking the place of the story teller, standing in the centre of the stage, his hands in his pockets, trying to impress his stolid English relations with a French story. That they could not understand the point of it was quite natural, for we are sure no one in the audience did.

The heroine, who, of all the characters in the play, has the most flesh and blood, is a young girl who finds herself in uncongenial surroundings. She is evidently not in love with her husband, and with very good reason. She hates his first wife's memory, and also her relations, who embody to her all the personality of her predecessor. She is described by the author as a hoyden, with most unwomanly qualities, and here is where the hand of the dramatist shows a deplorable loss in cunning. The young wife is quiet, conciliatory, modest, painstaking in every way; she shows none of the faults of which her husband accuses her, and the author does not furnish one incident to make his complaints against her at all rational. If he would only have let us see her romping with the dogs he complains so much about, or smoking cigarettes, or jumping over chairs, or using bad language! But she is nothing of the kind, she is the primest little person possible, and we get absolutely no contrast between



McIntosh

ELLIS JEFFREYS IN "THE DEAR UNFAIR SEX"

her and the first wife's prim relations, but through three acts her cad of a husband goes on continually complaining of his terrible little wife to his brother-in-law, who puts his hands in his pockets, shrugs his shoulders and says, "God bless all the women!"

This continues until the end of the third act after wearisome repetitions until the author feels that he must in honor bound create some kind of a theatrical situation. Out of the conditions of his play, it is absolutely impossible, so he must perforce look about him for something that will correspond as near as possible to his needs. Ah, there is Thackeray, dear old Thackeray, who has furnished material for so many dramas! There is Amelia and her long years of mourning for her husband until her eyes are opened to his infidelity. Bronson Howard used the same idea.

Mr. Pinero starts his motive by refusing the second wife the use of the dead wife's boudoir, with the excuse that it is a sanctum which he will not desecrate, and he thereupon gives it to his little boy as a nursery in order that the child shall find there a bag containing compromising letters which the first wife very thoughtfully has left there to be discovered by someone after her death. Surely this is an unpardonable fault in characterization! How could a woman who had for years been carrying on a secret liaison with her husband's best friend, Major Maurewarde (who is the father of her child), and acted with such wonderful discretion and diplomacy that her husband had not the slightest suspicion, be so reckless as to leave four compromising letters where they could be so easily found, and this just the day before her death? But overlooking this as a clumsy theatrical expedient, the motive might have been of some value if treated in an original way, but when the second wife finds the letters, through the child, and has them in her hand, and, impelled by a natural instinct, is about to use them in order to regain her rightful position as mistress of her husband's house, what does our experienced playwright do? He brings in his meddler. For the first time in the play the dramatist here finds a chance to impart some life to this wooden character. He brings Hilary Jesson in at the moment when the second wife sits with the letters in her hand deliberating how to make the best use of them, and in a most tritely written scene the meddler in a few words persuades the wife to give up her revenge and surrender to him the letters. This is the disappointing moment in the play. We were expecting that Pinero would give us a new turn to this hackneyed situation. He didn't.

The brother-in-law had no business on the scene except to give Mr. Drew a chance for some long, involved speeches. The legitimate outcome of this discovery by the wife, and the first instinct on the part of the young woman, would be to go not to the husband—as she would naturally shrink from outraging his feelings—but to the tyrannical sister, and holding the letters above her as a threat, to cry: "I know this and this to be the fact. If you wish to preserve the memory of your sister, go and leave me what is rightly mine!" Then we could have a great scene between the two women, with a conflict and clash of character which at least would have brought the spark of a drama.

In the last act the meddler, without any new cause, and with only a continuance of the same conditions, calmly does what he has been trying to convince the wife was a crime, namely, he hands the letters over to the husband in the most cold-blooded manner, and he and the first wife's family take their departure, leaving this semblance of a husband extending a kind of bloodless remnant of affection to the second wife who, in the same manner, accepts it. They sit down before the fire, and the audience, with a long sigh of relief, rises from its seat, shakes off the commonplace atmosphere of the play, and wonders how a dramatist who has written so many really great things as Mr. Pinero, could have wasted so much good time and ability upon such small motives, such uninteresting characters and such an unworthy subject.

Mr. Drew did all that he possibly could to galvanize a theatrical puppet into the semblance of a human being, but he must have felt with us that it was love's labor lost. Margaret Illington was the one breath of fresh atmosphere in the play. She was very charming, and in the scene in Act III. revealed real power.

HUDSON THEATRE. "THE HYPOCRITES," a drama in 4 acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced August 30 with this cast:

Sir John Plugenet, John Glendinning; Mr. Wilmore, J. H. Barnes; Lennard Wilmore, Richard Bennett; Mr. Viveash, Arthur Lewis; Rev. Everard Daubeny, W. H. Denny; Dr. Blaney, Cecil Kingston; Rev. Edgar Linnell, Leslie Faber; Goodyer, Jay Wilson; Mrs. Wilmore, Jessie Milward; Helen Plugenet, Viva Birkett; Mrs. Linnell, Ada Webster; Mrs. Blaney, Helen Tracey; Rachel Neve, Doris Keane; Patty, Louise Reed.

If Henry Arthur Jones has shown us in the past that he is not always successful with drawing-room comedy or thesis play, no



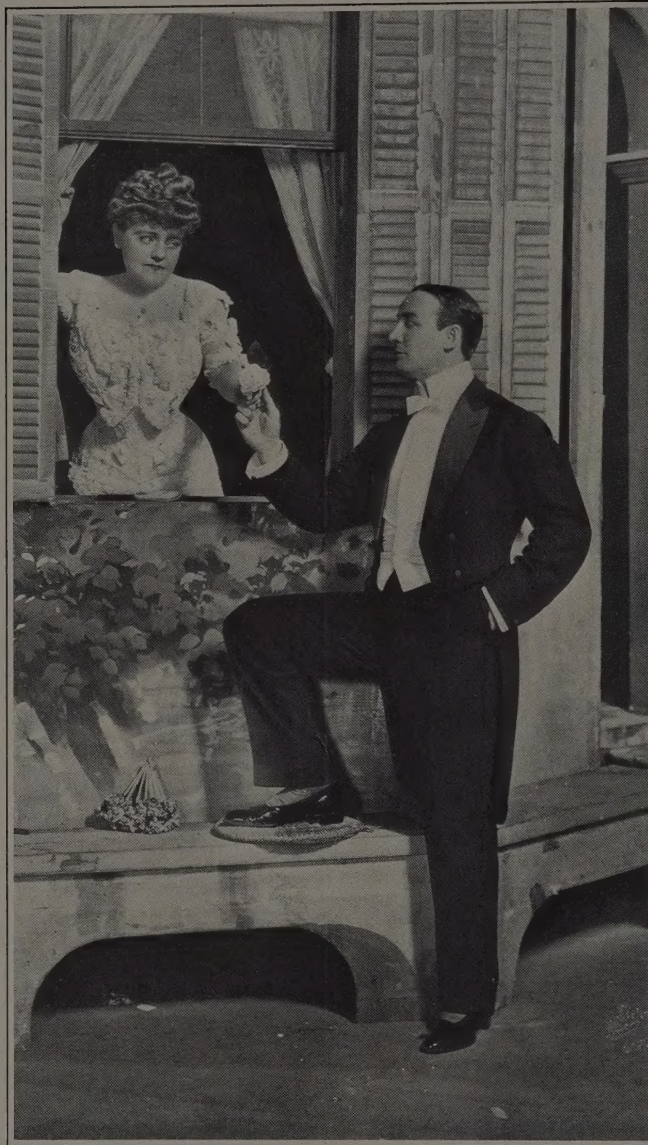
White

GRACE GEORGE AND ROBERT T. HAINES
In the comedy of satire "Clothes," at the Manhattan Theatre

one will venture to deny that as a maker of dramas that grip the heart he knows his business backwards. His previous triumphs in this direction "The Silver King," "The Middleman," "The Dancing Girl," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," mark so many conspicuous milestones in the journey of a man who has traveled the hard road of playwriting for over thirty years. That is the whole secret of the success of his latest piece "The Hypocrites"—Mr. Jones knows the trick how to make old material seem absolutely new and how to give his audience a spinal thrill with situations as old as the everlasting hills. A commonplace story, worn threadbare by the frequent usage to which it has been put by countless dramatists, is moulded into the semblance of poignant, living drama merely by the skill and expertness with which its hackneyed ingredients have been handled. After all, the things that go to make drama—the intrigues and emotions of humanity, the complications of every-day existence—are the same to-day as they were in the days of Euripides, and will always interest and hold men and women. No matter how we may disguise it to ourselves, no matter how we may be spoiled by the affectations and cynical spirit of our time, down in our hearts we are still moved by the elemental emotions. We are ever ready to weep with the virtuous heroine, and we hate the villain as heartily as when we witnessed our first play.

Nothing could be simpler than Mr. Jones' theme. The scene is a village in England, where the Wilmores hold a certain position among the landed gentry. The house they occupy is heavily mortgaged and they are left in possession undisturbed only by the kindness of Sir John Plugenet, the owner of the property, and whose daughter Helen is engaged to marry their son Lennard. The Wilmores are pretentious, arrogant, narrow, but always highly respectable—in a word, they are humbugs and hypocrites. Mr. Wilmore, a pompous Pecksniff, is constantly preaching morality; Mrs. Wilmore, a selfish, unsympathetic woman, is taken up by ambition for her son and incidentally her own comfort, while Master Lennard is a good deal of a bounder. Other interesting characters are a rotund parson, who is more concerned regarding the menu of his next dinner than with the spiritual needs of his parishioners, a family lawyer, a country doctor and the latter's shrewish, busybody wife—all admirably drawn provincial types. There is also Mr. Linnell, a young curate of the Robert Elsmere order, who is continually getting into hot water with his social and ecclesiastical superiors because he persists in telling the truth.

There has been a case of betrayal in the village and the Wilmore family has worked itself up into a fine frenzy over the scandal. Mr. Linnell is of opinion that as the young man has



White

MARIE CAHILL AND WILLIAM COURTEIGH
In "Marrying Mary" at Daly's Theatre

agreed to marry the girl the least said the better, but Mr. Wilmore pompously declares that an example must be made, the young couple have committed a grave breach of the public morals and he orders Mr. Linnell to flay them publicly in his next Sunday's sermon.

A young woman, apparently in distress, comes to the Wilmore house. She is a stranger, and explains evasively that she is seeking employment in the neighborhood. The audience soon understands that she has been seduced by Lennard Wilmore and has come there to plead with him to recognize her as the mother of his child. Mrs. Wilmore and Mr. Linnell both guess the truth about the same time, and it becomes a fierce struggle between the mother and the curate—the former fighting like a wildcat to shield her son from the consequences of his wrongdoing, the man of God espousing with equal warmth the cause of the deserted girl.

The conditions are precisely the same as the case in the village, but now, of course, it is a horse of another color. The hypocrites frantically endeavor to hush the matter up and to keep the knowledge of it from their son's fiancée. A break in the marriage arrangements would be a serious matter, so this highly respectable family adopts a policy of vigorous denial, and then turns round

and accuses Mr. Linnell of making scandal to the prejudice of their son. The great scene is reached in the third act, where the curate is before Sir John Plugenet, practically on trial. Lennard has been carefully coached by his none too scrupulous mother to stick to the lie at all hazards, and the Wilmores, by threats and cajolery, have persuaded the girl-mother to admit that her betrayer was another man. So it is only the meddling curate's word against all these glib witnesses for the defence. Things look pretty black for Mr. Linnell, who still insists that Lennard is guilty, and he is about to be kicked out of the house, when he demands that Lennard and the girl be brought face to face. The Wilmores quickly oppose the motion, but the baronet consents, and the inevitable happens. Lennard is not so bad as to be entirely dead to all decent feeling. The girl, although in a half fainting condition, is still willing for his sake to keep up the deception, but at the sight of her anguish the young reprobate relents, he acknowledges the child is his, and the curate is vindicated in as strong and skilfully sustained a scene as the American stage has seen in many a day.

The play is admirably acted. It is seldom that the American theatregoer has the opportunity to see a play acted so well in all its parts. Each character is made to stand out like a cameo. They all seem personages in real life, speaking and doing things spontaneously, not mere theatrical puppets, whose strings are pulled by the dramatist. In these degenerate days of the drama

When everything is sacrificed—play and acting both—to further the ambitions and exploit the uninteresting personalities of alleged public favorites, it is a privilege to see a dramatic company so homogeneous, so competent in each individual unit. Theatre-going, under these conditions, becomes once more a pleasure. Leslie Faber, a newcomer from London, proved to be an actor of considerable force. He has a pleasing personality and his performance as the courageous, high-minded curate was sincere, intelligent and convincing. Jessie Millward, an accomplished actress, with a score of triumphs to her credit, was admirable as usual as the tigerish, selfish mother, and Doris Keene, an inter-

an expert hand. With the amateur still stirring in him he clings probably to every written line and maintains that lofty obstinacy that is sometimes the ruin of managers. Of course, we do not speak with information in this particular case; we only suggest a very common experience with new authors. Upon this scene he dwells too long; in the other he is too brief. His action sometimes falls into a state of affairs. There is repetition. Impatient to get forward with his story he does not make proof of essential facts. Certain things that should be self-explanatory are made clear only by subsequent happenings.

The action turns on the cruelty of a man, given over to the



THE CHORUS GIRLS' DRESSING-ROOM IN "THE CHORUS LADY" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE
This scene is photography itself and dramatic in the sense of sustained interest and humor

esting young woman who has not heretofore had much opportunity, revealed unsuspected strength as the unhappy heroine. But why does Miss Keene dress the part such a fright? Is it conceivable that a girl attired like that—in an impossible Quaker hat and dowdy, ill-fitting frock, which even a Salvation Army worker might well spurn—would attract a man of Lennard's proclivities? Seduced heroines for some reason are always decked out in this hideous fashion. It is meant to be a symbol of outraged purity, but it is a silly, useless symbol, and an insult to the intelligence of the audience. Richard Bennett as the bounder son, J. H. Barnes as the Pecksniff Wilmore, Arthur Lewis as the family lawyer, W. H. Denny as the pot-bellied parson, Helen Tracey as the busybody, each gave a notable performance.

GARRICK. "THE PRICE OF MONEY." Play in 4 acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced August 29 with this cast:

Joseph Tremblett, Wm. H. Crane; Mark Tremblett, W. L. Abingdon; Lord Cardew, Walter Hitchcock; John Collis, F. Owen Baxter; Harris, J. Homer Hunt; Morgan, Harry Lillford; Lilian Tremblett, Margaret Dale; Martha Tremblett, Mabel Bert; Hon. Susan Lesson, Olive Oliver; May, Inez Plummer; Mrs. Bonham, Mrs. J. P. West; Mrs. Morpitt, Florence Edney; Mrs. Barter, Madelaine Rives.

Mr. Sutro enjoys the questionable good fortune which is accorded to certain neophytes in playwriting, who are supposed to have great ability, of having his plays put on without revision by

greed of money, to his wife and her unrelinquished love for another man, a suitor before marriage, and wholly worthy of her. The husband prospers and has money. He has a brother, a literary worker, who can hardly eke out a living, and who yearns for the comfort and happiness that money would bring to his wife and daughter. The rich brother learns that certain lands in Canada owned by the former suitor of his own wife have coal in them. In order to possess himself of this land before the existence of the coal is known he seeks his brother and offers him a sum that will make him independent if he will get his own wife to persuade her former lover to sell him the land.

The relations between all these people that would make what is proposed reasonable or even possible are not proved or set forth in the right way. Too much is assumed or left to words, or not exactly got into scenes in proper sequence. This is indubitably true, for the very effects that he obviously had in mind are not there. To point out exactly how he could have got these effects is another matter. It would take time and deliberation and experimental rearrangement. Mr. Sutro did not take the time for the work. With his next play he will take time. One knows a thing only when he realizes it. He too often learns at the expense of the public only to find out at last the cost to himself of that

way of learning. Mr. Sutro can write fine scenes and gather up the action into telling conflicts. His qualities are genuine. His intent is forceful. It is simply in the matter of form that he, at times, fails to secure the real value of his material.

For the most part the play is highly impressive and entertaining. One is repaid for his evening, but the completeness of the impression is not satisfactory. One feels this all the more that

suit him. The cast has strength in Margaret Dale, Mabel H. and Olive Oliver, while the rich brother and the former lover adequately done by W. L. Abingdon and Walter Hitchcock respectively. The others in the cast are competent.

SAVOY. "THE CHORUS LADY." Play in 4 acts by James Forbes. Produced September 1 with this cast:



Hall

Mrs. Wilmore (Jessie Millward)

Rachel (Doris Keene)

Mr. Viveash (Arthur Lewis)

Rachel asked to sign a paper denying that Lennard is her betrayer

ACT III. "THE HYPOCRITES" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE, NEW YORK

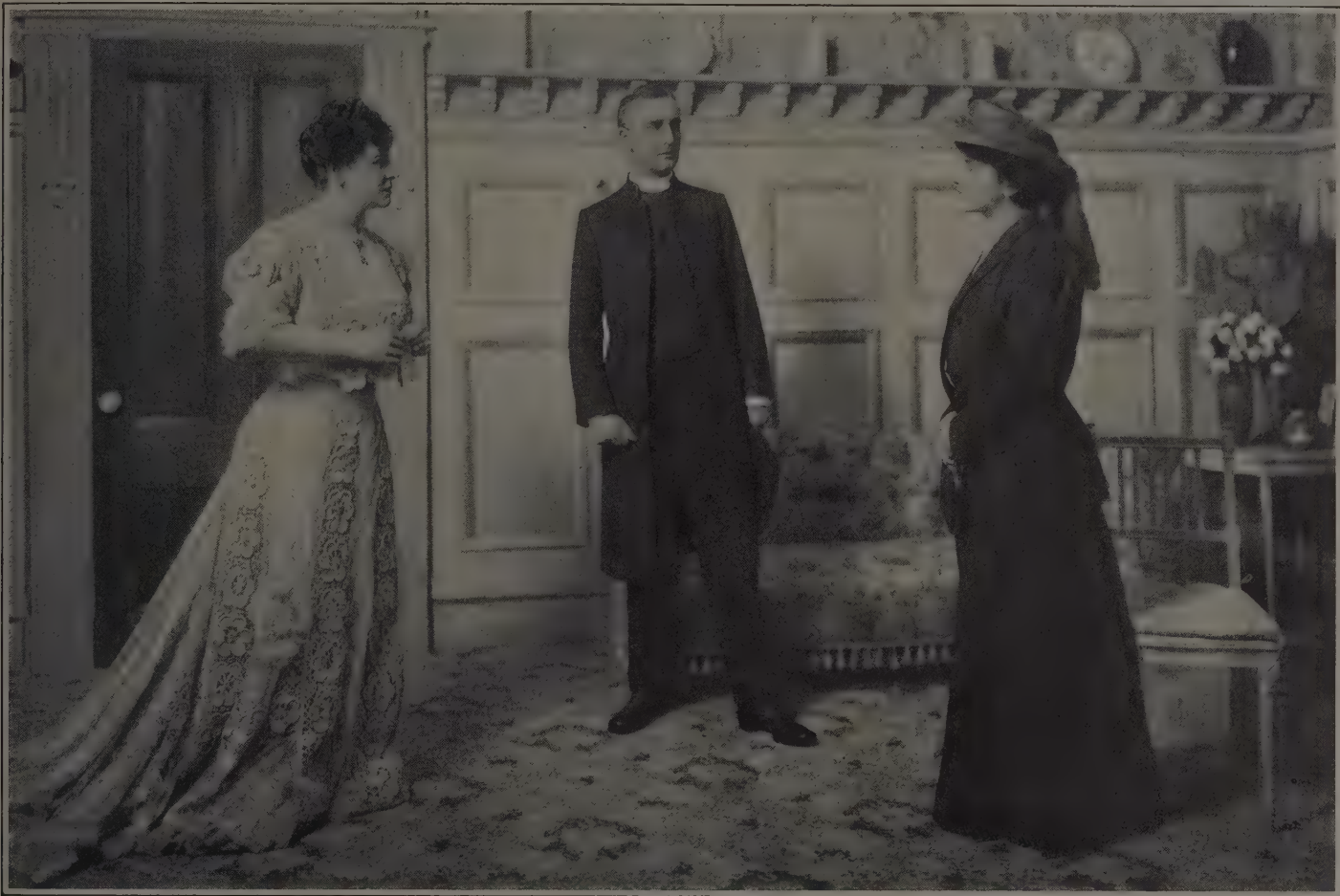
the play is so rare in its excellence in parts and for the most part. The character of the impecunious literary brother is too vacillating. He is utterly lost to the sympathies of the audience for too long a time, and is finally redeemed by the mechanism of the play only. Of course, Mr. Sutro's aim is to be didactic and at the same time to prevent the temptation that money has for a morally weak man. But he makes the man weakminded. He consents to the flight of his brother's wife with her former lover in a Platonic way. It is a capital scene when he discovers that the deed for the lands has been made out in his name. He exults over his defeated brother and welcomes wealth; but forthwith he tears the deed up, because he discovers that his brother is more touched by the loss of the money than he is of the wife. He knew all this before. It lacks truth, or if it be truth, it is not of the kind that edifies.

Mr. Crane has scenes in his best manner, a manner that has made him constant friends. That the part particularly suits him cannot be said, but there is compensation in the scenes that do

Mrs. O'Brien, Alice Leigh; Nora O'Brien, Eva Dennison; Shrimp, Francis Fay; Jakey, Bert Colton; The Duke, Thomas Maguire; Patrick O'Brien, Giles Shine; Dick Crawford, Francis Byrne; Patricia O'Brien, Rose Stahl; Dan Mallory, Wilfred Lucas; Georgie Adams Coote, Amy Lee; Sylvia Simpson, Maude Knowlton; Call Boy, Francis Fay; Rogers, Thomas Lawrence.

The most characteristic American play produced so far this season, and more vivid and real in many respects than any other play, is "The Chorus Lady," by James Forbes, in which Rose Stahl distinguishes herself. Its superabundant slang will perhaps evoke less applause from audiences remote from the so-called Tenderloin of New York and might not invite refined audiences to repeated visits, but the play has vitality and truth. It does not really diminish the proper credit of the author that, in order to present some new aspects of life, he has had recourse to a few conventional and very familiar situations. He has shown the initiative and the power to create and reproduce. In the hands of the dramatist who knows the needs of his material and the requirements of his art the conventional may be indispensable to complete his task in hand, and does not indicate the helplessness

Scenes in "The Hypocrites" at the Hudson Theatre



Hall Mrs. Wilmore (Jessie Milward) Rev. Edgar Linnell (Leslie Faber) Rachel Neve (Doris Keene)

ACT I. RACHEL: "I AM LOOKING FOR LODGINGS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD"



Lennard Wilmore (Richard Bennett)

ACT I. MRS. WILMORE: "DO YOU KNOW THIS YOUNG PERSON, LENNARD?"



Hall Harry Bulger Hattie Arnold
SCENE IN THE MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA "THE MAN FROM NOW" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

of the imitator and conventionalist. It is merely an expedient.

The Chorus Lady herself, Rose Stahl, has been on the stage for several seasons and is hardened in the slang of it and the worldly wisdom of it when she returns home for a visit. Her father is a horse trainer; the family unsophisticated. A younger sister insists that she has talent, and clamors to go on the stage, too. The Chorus Lady tries to dissuade her, but the younger girl has her way. This gives occasion for the second act, the scene of the dressing room of the chorus girls. The art of this scene is photography itself, but moving photography and dramatic in the sense of sustained interest and humor. The jealousies, the vanities, the wisdom and the folly of these small people of the stage are set forth with self-evident truth. It is largely episodic, and the keen raillery, sharp satire and repartee and cutting observations of the Chorus Lady are the essence and greater part of it, but the action is not lost, the play progresses. The younger sister has given tips on the races to the girls and now finds herself compromised in money matters with a scheming man. In the next act she goes to his rooms to extricate herself, while he welcomes the opportunity, ruining her reputation. The Chorus Lady takes a hand. It is here that the conventional steps in. The man denies the presence of the girl, who has taken refuge in his adjoining bedroom. The parents of the girl and the lover of the Chorus Lady force their way in. It reaches the point where the lover accuses the man of treacherously

harboring the younger sister. Forcing the door open, he is confronted by the Chorus Lady. She sacrifices herself for the honor of her sister. Naturally, the subsequent action of the play is devoted to setting matters right; and this is done with skill.

Some of the situations are old, but the complications in detail belong distinctly to Mr. Forbes' own material and not to some other. In short, Mr. Forbes has skill, force and observation of his own. His character work is original. His episodes are true.

The episodic is growing to be and is a distinctive mark and merit of American dramatists. Miss Stahl has individuality and has rightfully possessed herself of the opportunity to establish herself with a character that is practically new to the stage.



Otto Sarony Co. MAY TULLY
Seen in "The Two Mr. Wetherby's" at the Madison Square Theatre

DALY'S. "MARRYING MARY." Musical play by Edwin Milton Royle and Silvio Hein. Produced Sept. 3 with this cast:

Mary Montgomery, Marie Cahill; Flouretté, Annie Buckley; Senator Bunchgrass, H. Guy Woodward; Bishop Brigham Smudge, Mark Smith; Willie Drinkwater, Roy Atwell; Ormsby Kulpepper, William Courtleigh; Col. Henry Clay Kulpepper, his father, Eugene Cowles; Kitty Kulpepper, Virginia Staunton; Rev. Thorley Throcmorton, George Backus; M. Archambeau, Ben. F. Grennell.

The nondescript musical productions of recent years that defy classification have introduced confusion into the art of the stage. "Marrying Mary" has a distinction of its own, belonging to a definite form, and with its admirable compactness of structure has some substance, all that a farce with much of the refinement of comedy requires. It has no sextettes, no firefly dances, no unwinding of colored ribbons about a pole, none of the fantastic dreams of

(Continued on page xi.)

American Singer Who Won Fame Abroad

ONE of the most interesting débuts during the coming opera season will be that of Mme. de Cisneros at the new Manhattan Opera House. This American singer, like many others, had to go abroad to win recognition. As Eleanor Broadfoot she was heard in New York a few years ago, but it was not until later in Europe that she achieved the triumphs which have led to her return to her native country as prima donna contralto of Mr. Hammerstein's company.

When Mme. de Cisneros received your correspondent in her apartment in Milan, she had just returned from an engagement in the city of Vicenza, an interesting old town not far from Venice, and during this engagement she had sung the rôle of Azucena in "Il Trovatore" fourteen times during her stay of twenty-eight days. The singer laughed as she stated this fact, remarking that that would undoubtedly seem surprising to most Americans. But, although having an extensive repertoire of both old and modern operas, the gypsy Azucena has played a prominent part in Eleanora de Cisneros' artistic career.

It was during the Maurice Grau régime at the Metropolitan Opera House that the well-known vocal teacher, the late Mme. Murio Celli, secured an engagement for her talented pupil, Miss Broadfoot, who had just returned from her first operatic venture, a month's tour of Mexico. The young singer appeared for two seasons in small rôles in "The Magic Flute," "Cavalleria Rusticana," etc., but was given a single chance to show what she could do with more important rôles, and even that was unusual in those days. "Il Trovatore" was to be given, with Emma Eames as Leonora, in Philadelphia. The contraltos of the company, who were considered of sufficient reputation to sing the rôle of the

gypsy, happened to be either ill or singing a heavy Wagnerian rôle the night before. As a means of giving the opera on the morning of the date set for the performance, Miss Broadfoot was waited upon by Grau's emissary. Did she know the rôle, and would she sing it that night?

With American pluck, the young singer did not hesitate. She did and she would! Hurriedly her costume was packed in a

trunk, the carriage came to take her to the train, and she arrived in Philadelphia only to be confronted with difficulties. To the conductor, Bevignani, Miss Broadfoot intimated that, as she was to have no rehearsal of the opera, she would be grateful if he would show her any changes that were made in the score, what *rallentandos*, etc., Mme. Eames would make in their concerted parts. But Bevignani declared that they made no changes, and troubled himself no more about her. Then came the terrible discovery that her trunk had not been sent on.

"I had nothing but the wig!" said the contralto. "How I ever got together a costume in that short time I do not know. One lent a skirt, another shoes, one of the chorus supplied my make-up, and I went on. I was successful, too, and Mr. Grau complimented me on my return, and said he was well satisfied, but I had no other such chance that season. After the two seasons I decided that,



Photo Varischi Artico, Milan

ELEANORA DE CISNEROS, NEE BROADFOOT

An American singer who had to go to Europe to win recognition, and now engaged by Oscar Hammerstein as prima donna contralto for the new Manhattan Opera House

as members of the company had told me, I must go to Europe, and try to win a name there. Edouard de Reszké was one of those who urged this upon me: 'Go to Italy.' That is where I made my start. I sang in small cities, but I was *primo basso*, singing the leading bass rôles and gaining experience! So, to Italy I came, with my husband."

Miss Broadfoot married a young Cuban, the descendant of a

very old family, a journalist, and also a clever sketch artist. Neither of them had ever been in Italy before, but Mme. de Cisneros fortunately spoke Italian. She said:

"I arrived with many letters of introduction, among others from Mancinelli, and with confidence presented myself in the office of one of the Milan musical agencies. On my card was proudly displayed: 'From the Metropolitan Opera House.' The manager's first words were a blow. 'That means nothing!' he said, pointing to the card. 'Metropolitan Opera House means less than any Italian theatre here. There are people singing in New York who would not be listened to here.' However, he heard me sing and was complimentary to my voice, said I sang with good style, and that if I would be patient I might be able to do something! That was all! I went to others who said in a peculiar tone, 'Oh, you are an American,' when they read my card. A few days later I had several callers who assured me that they could get me an engagement here or there if I would guarantee a certain amount, perhaps \$200. I began to consider. What was the meaning of the peculiar tone, and why must I advance money? I thought I understood. From that day I used no more of those cards. Eleanor Broadfoot, the American, passed out of sight, to be replaced by Eleanora de Cisneros, a Cuban, nor was the Metropolitan Opera House referred to. Strangely enough, I heard no more criticisms of my accent when singing Italian, I was not urged to pay for engagements, and in time I secured my first contract, to appear in Turin as Amneris, although my first actual Italian appearance was as one of the singers at the funeral services held in honor of President McKinley, and in which the American consul invited me to participate.

"After Turin I sang in many Italian cities, in Modena, Milan, Spezia, Ferrara, Ravenna, Trieste, in 'Trovatore,' always 'Trovatore,' in 'Aida,' 'Falstaff,' 'The Meistersingers,' 'Andrea Chenier,' 'The Huguenots,' etc. I also sang in Parma, little old Parma, one of the most difficult cities in which to appear. If one makes a mistake or is not at one's best, one is liable to hear from the gallery: 'Ma no, ma no! that is not right; you are off the key!' Still supposed to be a Cuban—for I never spoke in English or said I was an American, though I never denied it either, if I were asked—I had no trouble until once in a company there chanced to be an Italian who had sung at the Metropolitan while I was there. He came up during the first rehearsal and began speaking English. The musical director pricked up his ears: 'Oh, you are an American! Yes, one notices the accent in certain words when you sing. It is not Italian.'

"Knowing this so well, you can imagine how absurd that is," and Mme. de Cisneros scornfully pointed to a cutting from an American newspaper, where a writer with more zeal than truth, declared that audiences in Milan, hitherto moderate in their applause, 'rose to the singer and became enthusiastic when it was

learned that she was an American.' The reverse is the real truth.

"I wish Americans only realized some of the conditions which confront the singer who comes here anxious to have a career, and then there would be fewer failures. In the first place, the Italians are quite as averse to foreign accent in the pronunciation of their language as are the French, yet so many Americans come here expecting to sing who do not even speak Italian. In the second place they seem to fancy that Italians have little real musical

knowledge. Why, every shoemaker in the cities knows the Italian operas better than most of our musicians. They listen for every note of the score. Then they must have above everything temperament, and a full, free tone production. It is useless to stand rigidly before Italians, singing with the mouth half closed, they will not hear it. The first remark made about an American who comes to Italy to sing is liable to be: 'An American? Oh, then she will sing out of tune or like a locomotive.' Then, since all Americans are supposed to be wealthy, she will receive offers of an appearance in some small town for which she is to pay a varying sum. But woe to the singer who accepts such an offer! Everyone in the town knows that she has paid for the appearance, that she is an American, and under these circumstances success is almost an impossibility. She is supposed to be willing to continue to pay for appearances, and will have small chance of securing any *bona fide* engagement, once associated with these worthless ones.

"We Americans are too impatient. We expect to be fully launched in an operatic career

six months after our arrival, quite forgetting the many Italian artists already in the field, with whom we must compete at a disadvantage."

"Is it not true that even after one has secured an engagement, it is very difficult to make expenses?" asked the writer.

"Of course it is. The first tenor of a small company, who perhaps three months before was a shoemaker, feels almost wealthy with a salary of four francs a day, for it is more than he was accustomed to earn at his trade. He arrays himself in his best, idles about the town, and feels himself the Conte di Luna by day as well as by night. But how can an American girl, accustomed to a comfortable home, live on that? It is impossible. In consequence, out of the many who come here, few indeed succeed."

Although this is Mme. de Cisneros' first return to her native land to sing, three years ago she went to Rio Janeiro for the opera season, singing in "Aida," "Gioconda," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Carmen," "Iris," etc. Here she was associated with Giannina Russ, the dramatic soprano, who comes to New York as a member of the Hammerstein company this winter. With Bonci, Mme. de Cisneros has sung many times, both in London and in Lisbon, in both of which cities she has appeared for two seasons. Mme. Russ and she sang in "Semiramide" in Lisbon when that opera was given for the first time in seventeen years. She made her

(Continued on page v.)



Photo Balde, Salzburg

MORIZ ROSENTHAL

The great Austrian pianist, who will make his reappearance in America this coming season after several years' absence

Pinero's Comedy, "His House in Order," at the Empire



Hall Mlle. Thome (Hope Latham) Derek (Leona Powers) Hilary Jesson (John Drew) Geraldine Ridgeley (Madge Girdlestone) Filmer Jesson (C. M. Halland)
ACT I. HILARY JESSON FINDS THE WIFE SUPPLANTED BY THE SISTER-IN-LAW



ACT II. HILARY JESSON PLEADS WITH THE PERSECUTED NINA NOT TO REVENGE HERSELF BY EXPOSING THE ILLICIT RELATIONS OF THE FIRST MRS. JESSON



Hall Hilary Jesson (John Drew) Nina (Margaret Illington)
ACT III. NINA SHOWS HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER THE DAMAGING LETTERS



Hallen

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

Who scored a substantial success with her first play "Brown of Harvard"



MARGARET MAYO

Who dramatized "The Marriage of William Ashe," and now busy making a play of "The Jungle"



Sarony

GENEVIEVE HAINES

Author of the drama "Hearts Aflame," in which Arnold Daly played the leading rôle

Women Who Have Written Successful Plays

AMONG the successful plays of last season it was interesting to note that a large percentage of their authors were women. Many of the names were new in the field, though Mrs. Charles Doremus, Martha Morton and Lottie Blair Parker simply retained positions established by former achievements. A Washington critic said recently: "Women don't write plays; they put them in a squirt gun and push the plunger." Whatever modicum of truth there may be in this somewhat ungallant remark, there is no denying the fact that each new dramatic season sees the ranks of the women dramatists swelled by new arrivals, each of whom gives promise of competing seriously with their fellow craftsmen of the sterner sex.

Charlotte Thompson is one of the writers whose names, though well known in the West, had yet to be made familiar to Broadway audiences. Her drama, "The Strength of the Weak," showed her to possess no mean ability as a playwright. Miss Thompson is a Californian and has written since she could first hold a pen. Florence Roberts saw some private letters she had written, and the actress was instantly attracted by their style. "Why does this girl waste her time writing to you?" she said to the man, "she ought to be writing plays." It was shortly after this that the two were thrown together at a box party. "Why don't you write me a play?" Miss Roberts asked. "Yes, why don't I?" the other answered lightly. "I mean it," Miss Roberts insisted. "I want a one-act play to put on two weeks from tonight." "Lovely!" the other cried sarcastically. Miss Roberts finally convinced her that she was serious, and made a wager that she—Miss Thompson—could write the play within the prescribed time, and that it would be a

success. So it was that Charlotte Thompson wrote her first play on a wager that was won by Florence Roberts.

Her second play, a long one, was "A Suit of Sable," in which Miss Roberts has had success in the West. Another success was "Nell Gwynn," contracted for, planned, written and delivered within five days and two hours. Miss Thompson pleads that this fact is not to her credit, but that the play was demanded, and she was under orders. "The Silver Mounted Harness" was another Western favorite. Miss Thompson wrote her earlier plays from real characters, and their interest lies in the character drawing. About five years ago she came East wishing to get into the arena and work with technicians of the first order. She found an opening and, for several years, went through the grind of amending, rewriting and collaborating without recognition. Then, lest her work become mere "play-tinkering," she began to strike out for herself. Her methods of work have changed. While her character drawing is still strong, plot and characters are subservient to the big situation of the third act. She writes from a scenario, but it is made from and after the big scene is fully developed. The situation of "The Strength of the Weak" was one that had come under the personal knowledge of Alice Smith, who is a trained nurse, and whom Miss Thompson consulted while constructing her play.

Success brings full hours, and Miss Thompson has many pieces in hand for the near future. "The Duke and the Dancer," her new comedy, has had a favorable trial in Hartford and will appear in New York during the winter. She is under contract to John Cort for another comedy, is writing a play for James K. Hackett, and is doing her



Pach

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

Author of "Joan of Arc," "Pretty Peggy" and other plays

biggest subject—the one in which her hopes are most deeply rooted—for Florence Roberts. When this work is well under way, she will begin a racing play in collaboration with W. Fraser, whose horse stories are known to magazine readers, and she has besides a novel in view which she hopes to dramatize if the contracts are drawn up to her satisfaction.

Miss Thompson dislikes reading her own plays to managers, and has to be dragged to opening nights. She says there is such a helpless feeling of inadequacy when she hears her written words spoken in cold blood under blue lights. A compensation comes, however, from watching her audience. She tells an interesting story of how she watched a man in the audience sitting spellbound during the last tense act of "The Strength of the Weak." When the curtain went down upon the tragic conclusion, following so swiftly after the pistol shot, he sat

for a moment stunned, then, comprehending that this was indeed the end, he rose in wrath, threw down his program, ground his heel into it and exclaimed "Oh, h—ll, what an ending!"

Martha Morton, although still a young woman, may be termed a veteran among women playwrights, for she was among the first to compel recognition for the woman dramatist from the managers and public. She has written from the time she was a child, beginning with poems and short stories, and comes of a writing family, many of whom have gained distinction as journalists and novelists. Her first attempt at playwriting was at

the age of twenty and was instigated by the fact being brought to her notice that the characters in her stories talked naturally. John Gilbert encouraged her to try "dialogues in acts." Taking incidents of life that had come to her notice, she wrote "The Mer-

chant," a play of Wall Street, which won the prize offered by a newspaper, and was produced with Henry Miller, E. J. Henly, Viola Allen, Nelson Wheatcroft, Charles Dickson and others in the cast. It was in this play that Blanche Walsh spoke her first five lines on the stage. She also won the prize in the play competition opened in the THEATRE MAGAZINE. In her methods of work, Martha Morton is like an artist with several pictures on hand, working now on one subject, now on another. When an idea strikes her as suited for dramatic use, she works it out in the form of a complete scenario, letting her imagination have full scope, thinking of no actor or actress, putting aside all the traditions by which managers judge plays. She realizes that the fabric she has reared will be doomed to much modification

before it comes before the public, so the sketch is put away and she turns to other plots which are going through different stages of transition to suit star, actor and manager. A process which is the reverse of what is done by nature: the butterfly becomes again a caterpillar. That her ideals are high is shown by her views on playwriting, given to the interviewer:

"There is an almost frenzied demand for plays, especially for the conventional 'star' plays, which can be sold like potatoes. If the author is enough of a juggler to combine all the characters into one grand central light, surrounding it with shadowy, transparent forms, which act the part of echoes, or of an old Greek chorus, he will never be without work. But, for the man or woman who strikes out for himself or herself, the new path is difficult. There are always young writers who must live and who will supply the conventional work. For those who have served their apprenticeship, as I have done with others in my line, there is a



McIntosh

MARTHA MORTON
Author of "Brother John," etc.



Sarony

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS
Author of "The Man on the Box"



JULIE HERNE
Author of "Rich-
ter's Wife"



MISS MERINGTON
Author of "Captain
Letterblair"



CHARLOTTE THOMPSON
Author of "The Strength of the Weak"



JANE MAUDLIN FEIGL
Author of "The Girl Patsy"



IVY ASHTON ROOT
Author of "The Greater Love"

duty to ourselves and to our art. We must be pioneers to a better art, torch-bearers that shall shed the light of progress. We must create a national drama that shall ring with life and truth." In October Miss Morton's new comedy of American life, "The Illusion of Beatrice," will be seen in New York. She is now working on a comedy for Maclyn Arbuckle, and has other sketches on the easels in her studio which will soon be completed.

The instant and emphatic success of "Captain Letterblair" established for Marguerite Merington a reputation as substantial as lasting. This was Miss Merington's first play, and the fact that Daniel Frohman, who owns it, still derives revenues from it, attests its popularity. The play is to be published this fall in book form. "An Everyday Man," written for Sol Smith Russell, afforded a popular medium for that clever comedian's art, and "Love Finds the Way," gave Mrs. Fiske, in the lame girl Madeline, one of her favorite parts. "Old Orchard," a study of New England life, was tried out on the road this spring with good results, and is to receive an elaborate production, opening in November, under the direction of S. J. Maurice. Ben Hendricks, known throughout the West for his impersonation of Swedish characters, will produce a new play by Miss Merington this season entitled "Von Rummelsberg," the hero being a young German officer. Mr. Hendricks wishes to break away from the song-plays with which he has been associated and Miss Merington expresses hearty belief in his ability.

"Snow-White," founded on the old Grimm's fairy tale, "Schneewitchen," was written for the Dramatic Department of the Hebrew Educational Alliance. It proved most popular with the children who stood in line by the hundreds for their ten-cent

tickets to the Sunday matinées. All the small boys of East Broadway know the parts of the "Seven Dwarfs" by heart and, on one occasion, when one of the regular cast was taken ill, just as the curtain was about to be rung up, a little lad, whose name ends in owsky, offered to play the rôle, stating that he had been "by every performance" and could not fail, nor did he. A few weeks ago Miss Merington was in Chicago, where she superintended the opening of "The Children of Men," a play

which she will bring to New York later in the season. She is now completing a play to be called "For Old Time's Sake," from the song by that name.

Grace Livingston Furniss is another writer whose work is already well known to the public. Miss Furniss has written since she was a small child, being happiest when there was a pen in her hand. The "Box of Monkeys," that inimitable little one-act play that has held its own for so long, was her first attempt in the dramatic line, and was written when she, a stage-struck girl, could find nothing suitable for amateur acting. "From this I drifted into playwriting," she says. "I did not start out with a feline intention, but tried it and liked it. I was perfectly green about the work and my path lay uphill. Literature is the only profession in which a person feels abused, if he does not have instant recognition. In other lines he expects to work up to success, in literature he wants it handed out ready made. But literature, especially dramatic literature, represents an immense amount of digging, practice and experience." Miss Furniss' methods of work are not by hard and fast lines. She works from her characters to her plots. She makes no scenario because, she says, "My characters will not act as ordered and a scenario hampers me. I love my characters, I live with them and, for the time being, they take possession of me." Her best hours for writing she finds in the quiet of the evening.

Miss Furniss' dramatization of "The Man on the Box" was one of the most attractive productions of the past spring, and she is now writing another play for Mr. Dixey. She is also dramatizing "The Deluge," while her new play, to be produced this fall, is named "Honor Bright," the title rôle being taken by Alice Fischer. The plot is a story of Western mining life in the copper regions. When "Mrs. Jack" was given so successfully some years ago the one pistol shot that was called for in the action was suppressed as being too melodramatic for Broadway. This was before the days of "The Squaw Man" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

A busy little woman, who keeps her pen active supplying demands from publishers and managers, is Frances Aymer Mathews. Miss Mathews is best known through her "Pretty Peggy" given to Grace George, and



WILLIAM COLLIER

Will be seen shortly at the Garrick Theatre in a new play



FUJI KO AS HERSELF

Well-known Japanese actress who has been performing in London with considerable success



FUJI KO IN "THE LOVE OF A GEISHA"

In which she will be seen in New York this season

"When Peggy Comes to Town," played by Cecil Spooner. She has just bought back the rights to "Lady Peggy" from Mr. Brady, and this play is to be revived in New York as well as London during the year. Julia Neilson is negotiating for the piece here. Miss Mathews' new novel "The Undeified" is in the Harper press and

will be dramatized as soon as published. Another novel, as yet unnamed, is being written with the idea of a play in mind. This is a detective story, a new departure for Miss Mathews. She finds that writing her plots out first in the form of novels helps in the building of the play. Her two recent novels, "The Staircase of Surprise" and "The Marquise's Millions" are being dramatized, though she has not the time to do the work herself. Besides the novels, she has just completed two plays, one a melodrama, "Up Yonder," dealing with a section of the far North, as yet unexploited; the other a comedy, entitled "Finding a Father for Flossie." Both plays will be seen here this season.

Miss Mathews has always been fairly successful. Her first long play was "Joan of Arc," written for Fanny Davenport. The actress had written, saying, "I have seen some of your short stories and believe you are the person to write a play for me." "What kind of a play do you want?" Miss Mathews asked. "I want a play on Joan of Arc," was the immediate reply.

Miss Mathews spent two years studying the subject faithfully from the material in the Astor Library. She found there was no love interest in the French enthusiast's life, but securing the actress' permission to use a dramatist's license, she wove in a love plot that gave interest to the story. The play was one of the successes of Miss Davenport's career. Miss Mathews writes at no certain hours and in no set way, though she usually works from character to plot, the character interest being paramount. She uses no scenario except in so far as her novels may be so regarded. Her characters, like those of Miss Furniss, take the bit in their mouths and go their own way.

There was a statement made recently to the effect that the dramatization of novels had had its day and that another season would find a dearth in this particular field, but so long as there are novels with strong dramatic situations, there will be plays made from them, and the stage will be that much better off. The book over which expectations are raised highest just now is Upton Sinclair's stirring story, "The Jungle." It is a harrowing tale for a woman to handle, but the excellent treatment of "The Marriage

of William Ashe" has inspired confidence in the young writer who has undertaken it. Margaret Mayo, the wife of Edgar Selwyn, has had the advantage of six years' training on the stage. After her marriage with Mr. Selwyn she gave up her professional life on the stage, deciding to adopt writing as a career that fitted in

with that of her husband, who is an actor. Her first play "Under Two Flags," was written while she was playing with Grace George. She had worked on it with the usual enthusiasm of a youthful beginner, and just as she was about to hand it over to a manager, she read the announcement that Blanche Bates was to star in a version of the same play. She resorted to a woman's consolation of tears until some one suggested that she give her play to a stock company. It was accepted and has been and is being played all over the country in Proctor and other stock houses. In the West, Florence Gale has been starring in another early play, which she calls "Love's Victory."

Miss Mayo is a Western woman, coming from the State of Oregon. She is young, slight and fair. When someone expressed surprise that she undertook such a vigorous subject as that in "The Jungle," she said that it was the very fact of its virility that appealed to her, believing that the masculine quality of Mr. Sinclair's ideas would balance the femininity of her own.

She finds Mr. Sinclair very delightful to work with, being brilliant, enthusiastic and sympathetic. Miss Mayo has one play that she calls her tea play. Each time that she has offered it to a manager or an actress, she has been asked to tea. This continued even in London, where the play had been submitted to Mrs. James Brown Potter. The author explains that this is a problem play, adding that she supposed every writer had one such that he must get out of his system. Miss Mayo is emotional and sensitive by temperament. The reading of Mrs. Ward's "William Ashe" made such an impression upon her that she did not wish anyone to speak to her for days. While she was dramatizing the book, she wrote for five days and five nights with only two hours of sleep. She ate very little, living on orange juice and liquids. For the coming year she has given an adaptation of "Divorçons" to Miss George, and an original comedy, "Polly of the Circus," to Maude Fealy. After "The Jungle" has opened Miss Mayo will begin a play of Western village life with Homer Davenport, best known by his drawings. The types are to be taken from their native vil-

(Continued on page ix.)



Sarony

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAUDE ADAMS

Who will begin her season at the Empire Theatre, New York, in "Peter Pan"

A Plea for the Printed Drama

By Henry Arthur Jones

IN the spring of 1891, soon after the passing of the Anglo-American copyright law, I made a strong appeal to English and American dramatists to publish their plays, and to the playgoing public to read them. This was interpreted in England as a presumptuous attempt on the part of a mere playwright to "shove in amongst the worthy bidden guests" of literature; I was bantered, and admonished to pocket the royalties coming from my plays, and therewith to be content. I have, however, continued to advocate the publication of plays, and have had the satisfaction of seeing it gradually become the practice of English dramatists. But the results in England have been very meagre and unsatisfactory. No modern English play, however popular, whatever renown it has won upon the boards, has met with any consideration from the great reading public, or has captured a fiftieth of the circulation of the popular novel. Much of this plentiful lack of interest in the printed modern play is perhaps due to the fact that it is not generally published until the first great run is over. By that time it is no longer the hot sensation of the hour; it has already met with due appreciation in the theatre; it has been discussed at dinner tables and in the press; it has spent its immediate influence on the mind of the public.

Many managers and actors dislike that the plays in which they are currently appearing shall be put into the hands of the public. So far as the success of the play depends upon some sensational situation or surprise, this prejudice on the part of the manager is natural and to some extent justifiable. But some leading actors have also a feeling that the publication of a play may endanger their position and popularity with the public—that enormous theatre-going public who in England and America have scarcely begun to suspect the existence of the author; scarcely begun to suspect that there may be an art of the drama, as well as an art of playacting; scarcely begun to suspect that the play may have an existence, a vitality, and an import of its own, apart from providing a momentary entertainment.

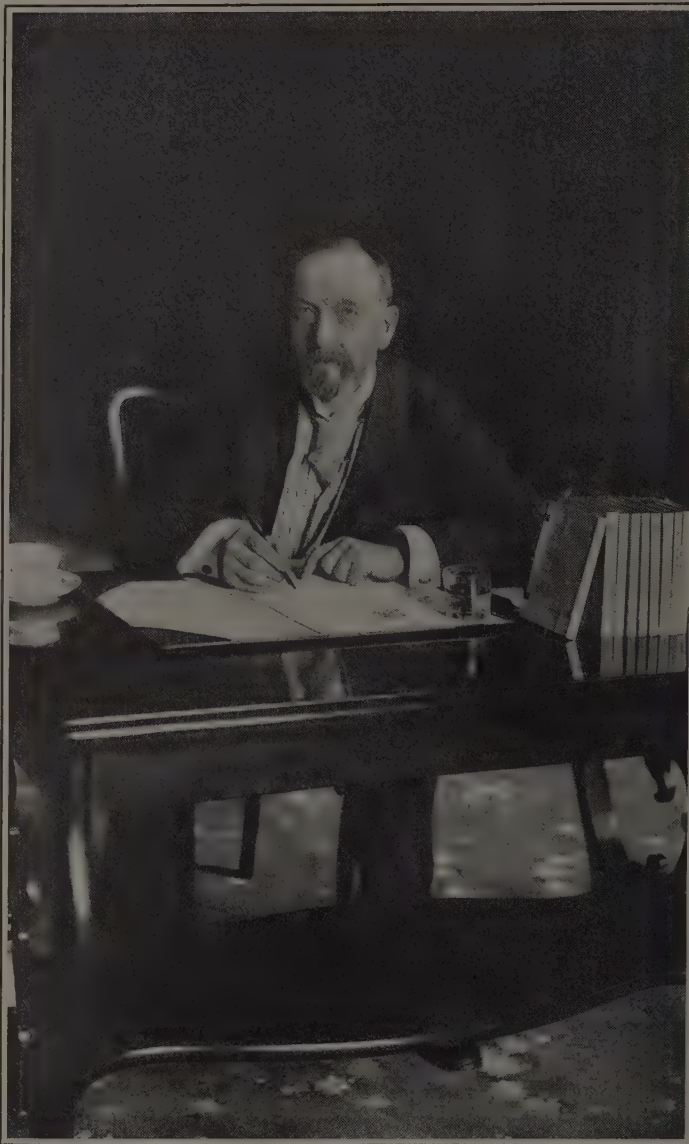
Now, I think it would be well if managers and leading actors

could be reasoned out of this prejudice against the immediate publication of plays. Surely in France the art of acting, as well as the art of the drama, stands upon an immeasurably higher level than in England; and this is partly due to the differentiation in the public mind of the art of the drama from the art of acting. Both are judged in their due relation to each other, and both are

judged on their respective merits instead of being carelessly muddled together. The printing of plays tends to secure that the actor and the author shall each receive his rightful guerdon. And in weighing the advantages and disadvantages which would accrue to the actor, were every play to be published simultaneously with its production, he may be asked to reflect that the printing and reading of plays tends to raise the intellectual level of the drama, and with it the intellectual quality of the acting, and the intellectual status of the actor. No actor who respects and loves his art, no actor who desires to see it established in the national esteem on the only right and safe ground, can consistently object to the immediate publication of a play on the eve, or on the morrow of its production.

That such a course would not lower the dignity or deserved popularity of the actor is proved, as I have said, by the example of France, where great all-round acting is common in all her large cities; where acting is judged and honored as the intellectual exponent and companion of an intellectual drama which playgoers read as well as witness, and which they discuss and judge as literature. When this point of view is seized by actors I hope they will not be found averse to the publication of current plays. On talking over the matter with a leading American actor I was delighted to find him at one with me in desiring that the immediate publication and

circulation of plays may become an established custom amongst us. If such a custom became general in America and England it would tend to increase the popularity and influence of the acted drama with that large section of the educated and cultivated public who now stand aloof from the theatre. And to engage the active sympathy of this class I hold to be most desirable on every



Taken by Byron for the THEATRE MAGAZINE

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, AUTHOR OF "THE HYPOCRITES," RECENTLY PRODUCED IN NEW YORK WITH GREAT SUCCESS

Among the leading playwrights of England Henry Arthur Jones ranks with A. W. Pinero as a writer of serious drama. He was born in 1851. His father was a farmer and he was brought up amid Puritanical surroundings. He entered business life when only thirteen, and proved a successful commercial traveler. He disliked his work, but was able to marry and settle down when only twenty-one. He wrote stories from boyhood, and first entered a theatre at the age of eighteen. This visit to the playhouse proved the turning point of his career. Henceforth he devoted all his spare time to the study of the stage, and at the age of twenty-seven deserted commercial life for the vocation of dramatist. His best known plays are "The Silver King," "Saints and Sinners," "The Middleman," "Judah," "The Dancing Girl," "The Bauble Shop," "The Masqueraders," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and "Mrs. Dane's Defence." His latest play, "The Hypocrites," was produced recently at the Hudson Theatre, this city.



MASTER EDWARD GARRATT, DIMINUTIVE ENGLISH COMEDIAN, SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF A BABY OF FIVE



Master Garratt

Hilda Dick

Baby: "You are grasping that pretty tight"



Master Garratt

Dora Hole

Baby coaxing his nurse not to put him to bed

Scenes in "The Little Stranger," comedy by Michael Morton, produced at Hackett's Theatre, New York

account. A widely spread interest in the printed drama is at once the means and the sign, the cause and the effect, of a general uplifting of the theatre, and incidentally of the art of acting. The absence of any interest in the printed drama is to-day, and in our civilization, the mark of a sunken public taste, and of a national drama that does not pretend or care to be anything essentially different from a child's toy-shop.

In England after fifteen years we are left with little encouragement. Playgoers who lavish time and money to see plays will scarcely spend sixpence to read and examine the stuff that has absorbed all their many million golden hours of leisure, and all their many million golden sovereigns.

But on my visit to America last autumn, I had the great gratification of learning from a leading New York publisher that a steady demand is springing up for new editions of modern plays. This demand has arisen indirectly from the courageous and farseeing action of Professor Baker at Harvard, and Professor Phelps at Yale, who for some years have passed their students through a course of lectures and examinations in contemporary plays. A steadily increasing impulse has thus been given to the study of the modern drama as a branch of literature in all the colleges and schools of America. But apart from this growing interest in educational circles and centres, or perhaps because of it, another and wider interest has been fitfully awakened. That benevolent, woolly-brained person who carries the purse, the "general reader," has been stirred to take some little notice of the modern printed drama, as a possibly agreeable means of beguiling his vacant hours. To the general casual reader, who cannot take a railway journey without spending a shilling or two upon some magazine or novel which he immediately rates at its true value by throwing it away as soon as he has read it—to him, with an eye to all his numerous progeny and kin, I venture to offer the following inducements to waste his money upon modern plays rather than upon modern novels:

A modern play cannot be more foolish or banal, more destructive of whatever literary taste the general reader may possess, or more debilitating to his mind than the average novel wherewith he is wont to fodder himself.

Any modern play which has obtained sufficient success upon the boards to be printed will probably contain elements of popular amusement and interest which will be exactly to the general reader's liking.

Play reading is rather difficult at first, and so far will provide the general reader with a new mental exercise; but after the first few attempts, when once its shorthand is mastered, play reading becomes easy and stimulating, and will therefore provide the general reader with a new mental pleasure.

A new modern play can be bought at about one-third of the price of a new modern novel.

By buying, playing and reading them the general reader will incidentally encourage the fine arts of acting and the drama, and so far advance the civilization and culture of his country.

Chief of all reasons, a complete play can be read in about one-fifth of the time that is consumed in reading a novel of average length. This must needs have a powerful argument in countries like England and America, where time is said to be money—with such strange results. For my proposal is thus seen to be neither more nor less than an endowment of the general reader with perpetual floods of leisure—a charter of ransom to him from the exhausting slavery of the free library of fiction. As it were with a stroke of the pen, with the easy magnificence of a millionaire signing deeds of gift to every parish in America and England, I instantly restore to teeming millions of readers four-fifths of the sweet passing scanty hours they were about to squander so rashly; setting them free to regain their self-respect, or to back horses, or to attend football matches, or to twiddle their thumbs. But if my endowment of the general reader with this vast stretch of leisure gives me any claim to the disposal of it, I would suggest to him that in all fairness one-half of it be given up to reading more plays, and the other half to the deep and earnest consideration of what he shall read further. Surely this latter occupation would be a wise and profitable one for the general reader in America and England.

To return. Upon making inquiries I found that although the general reader is beginning vaguely to perceive that interest and amusement may be got from



Coover

EDWIN ARDEN
In his new play "Told in the Hills"

modern plays, yet he is at present altogether too precarious and uncertain a customer to depend upon in making one's arrangements with publishers. At present, and doubtless for some time to come, the general reader is not, and will not be, the chief and most frequent buyer of plays. The general reader may buy his plays in thousands; the amateur actor buys his plays in tens of thousands. It is amongst amateur actors only that a large and profitable market can be found for modern plays. And as a rule the amateur actor does not buy a play for the pleasure and interest of reading it; he buys for the pleasure and personal glory of acting in it. He buys it to learn the words and business of his part, and he demands that all the stage business of his part shall therein be explicitly and exhaustively set down for him.

But in a most interesting and thoughtful article upon this same subject in the *North American Review*, Mr. Brander Matthews—whom all English and American dramatists may cordially salute—has shown that the stage business of a play, the queer directions as to crossing, to exits L.U.E., to tables and chairs

being placed R.C. or L.C.—all these technical directions are not merely unintelligible to our good friend, the general reader—they distract and confuse and exasperate him to the last degree and destroy all continued interest and enjoyment and comprehension of the play. I may say that they are equally irritating to experts. It is therefore necessary to banish them from the text. But if we banish them utterly we shall probably lose our best customer, the amateur actor. And if we put them in the text we shall choke off our new friend, the general reader. Considerations of expense and convenience make it inadvisable to bring out two editions, one for the amateur and one for the general reader. The obvious solution is to print full stage directions

ing out editions of current plays in a form that assumes they are worthy to be placed on the library shelf, and that gives the modern dramatic author the pleasing illusion that he is writing literature. If a play is worthy to be read, it is worthy to be well printed and bound in a tasteful manner. And if we are to win over the general reader to buy and read plays, they must be presented to him as volumes containing substantial matter. It may be asked, "Why take all this trouble to win over this general reader who for generations has shown a consistent indifference to dramatic literature? Why be concerned to present the amateur actor with a well printed and tastefully bound book when he is not troubling himself about the play at all, but is only busy



Louise Galloway

Bruce McRae

Walter Greene

Scene in "Told in the Hills," a dramatization of the novel by Marah Ellis Ryan, which has had a successful summer run in Chicago, at Powers' Theatre. Edwin Arden is being starred in this play, which will be seen in New York in November. The story relates to the regeneration of a Western scout by his love for an Eastern girl visiting a ranch in Montana. In the original production Mr. Arden was supported by Chrystal Herne. Miss Herne retired from the cast to return to Arnold Daly's company, and Julia Dean took her place.

in small type in the margin, and thus Box and Cox will both be satisfied.

The next consideration is as to the publisher. One wishes all our publishers of high standing would take an interest in this work and give some trouble to make a general market for plays. But alas! publishers are men of business, and our woolly-brained friend, the general reader, hangs back, as yet unconscious that his leisure has been enfranchised to the extent of four-fifths. Awaiting his advent in "his tens of thousands," the amateur actor is the only customer we can safely depend upon. We must, therefore, make things easy for him, at the same time not forgetting to throw out seductions for the general reader.

The general appearance of plays published for the sake of business with amateurs is apparently designed with the object of calling attention to the complete divorce of the drama from literature and good taste. It is frankly cheap and hideous. But the leading publishers are loyally aiding the new movement by bring-

ing out editions of current plays in a form that assumes they are worthy to be placed on the library shelf, and that gives the modern dramatic author the pleasing illusion that he is writing literature.

The answer is that it is only by raising the taste of the whole body of playgoers, by uplifting the drama as a whole—it is only by this means that we can make it secure in its rightful place, as the fine art whose function is not merely to amuse and interest the populace, but to amuse and interest the populace by the representation and interpretation of life, and this in a great and imaginative and dignified manner.

So the average general reader and the average general playgoer are persons of supreme importance here; they are really our masters, and we must continue to make unwearied appeals to them. Finally, it will be seen that the measure of intelligent interest and examination which the average playgoer can be got to give to the printed play is the measure of the intellectual and literary and artistic value of the whole national acted drama.

(Continued on page viii.)



Otto Sarony Co.

DUSTIN FARNUM IN "THE VIRGINIAN"

A Personal Interview with "the Virginian"

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 50)

"PEOPLE often mistake me for a traveling man, and I am glad of it, for the hotels give me lower rates."

A low-voiced man of unassuming manners and boyishly alert eyes rose from a chair at the window of the Kirke La Shelle office and came forward to meet the interviewer. His face was grave. He wore a dark gray suit, and some combination of circumstances had prevented his going to the barber's that morning. He might have been a young priest or somebody's confidential clerk or an ambitious youngling learning the mercantile business or a commercial traveler of not yet overgrown assurance. No one would take him for an actor.

Distinctly missing from him was the atmosphere of the player. Yet this was Dustin Farnum, the star of "The Virginian." It was when he smiled, the smile with which he talked of "Em'ly" in the play, that he was in his Thespian quality recognizable. It was an illuminative smile and constituted half his success as a *matinée* idol. Light-headed maidens have raved on robin's egg blue note paper, scented and monogrammed, about that smile, and stolid critics, with hair and emotions diminishing in direct ratio, have solemnly analyzed it.

Dustin Farnum dismissed allusion to his magnetic influence upon the *matinée* girl

with a half smile and entire blush. Such talk annoys him.

"Don't say anything about it," he begged; "it makes me feel foolish. The greatest compliment I ever had came from a man. It was at a one-night stand in the West. My admirer was a genuine backwoodsman with the backwoodsman's magnificent disregard for clothes. He wouldn't be admitted to a New York theatre. Some one allowed him to come behind the scenes after the third act of 'The Virginian.' He came to me with tears rolling down his cheeks and slapped my back. He swore in a way I wouldn't hint at to a lady, but he finished with, 'Old man, ye're the real thing.'"

That was a compliment I prize because of its genuineness. I was proud of having made that rough old chap weep. That is the kind of success a man wants."

He said he made odd friendships of that sort all along the route of his travel. On the train he picked up innumerable acquaintances, and in the towns he visited men and women formed quick acquaintance with him. In that connection he boyishly repeated: "No one ever takes me for an actor. People often mistake me for a traveling man, and I am glad of it, for the hotels give me lower rates. I get better rooms and fare for less money."

The Virginian is one of those well-poised persons who enjoys laughing at



White

DUSTIN FARNUM AS HIMSELF

himself. For instance, one of his chief delights is to tell the story of his first recollections.

"The first thing I can remember," he says, "is my swearing at a preacher. He was visiting my parents and they were anxious that their four-year-old, myself, should acquit himself with credit. I had been bathed, dressed from the skin out, and admonished until my head rang with parental warnings. The minister had been there an hour and my parents were beginning to beam their satisfaction at me when some one proposed that we go out on the lawn. Arrived at the lawn that foolish preacher tempted fate by asking me to play ball with him. He made a bad throw that sent me down a sloping lawn to the bank of a creek after the ball. When I came back I was tired and I told the preacher what I thought of him as a ball player. It must have been awful, the stream of imprecations that flowed from my four-year-old lips, for there was a long, ghastly silence, while my mother nearly fainted and my father explained that I had absorbed the oaths flung away by the workmen on the road alongside the house. Then I was led away, and where there had been oaths there were wails. So my first recollection, you see, was not one of unspotted childhood."

This first intense dramatic scene of his life occurred in Bucksport, Me., the spot of his every summer vacation, and of his enduring affection. Mingled with it are memories of his comradeship with his father, George D. Farnum, himself an actor and manager, once with Melbourne McDowell, and of the happy, careless growing up with his brother, William Farnum.

"My brother is a year and a half younger than I am, and not a big, clumsy, overgrown chap like me." Attend, ye *matinée* girls! Your idol is modest. "He was so pretty that they put him on the stage when he was three years old as the child in 'The Gladiator' because of his looks. He is a splendid fellow and a fine actor." Dustin Farnum spoke with intense pride and affection.

"I had a very happy boyhood," he resumed. "I drifted along without any particular ambition except to have a good time and get plenty to eat. I went to school at Bucksport,—there are no finer schools in the world than the public schools of Maine,—and when I finished there went to a boys' seminary. When I was nineteen I returned to the learned town where I was born, Boston, and entered the Institute of Technology. But I remained only a few months, for ill luck, or what I regarded as such, had overtaken the family, and I decided to leave school and go to work. I joined the Ethel Tucker repertoire company when it passed through Bucksport. I was afterwards with the Margaret Mather company for a short time, and for nine awful weeks I was a member of a stock company in Buffalo. My brother William was a member of one stock organization playing in town, and a manager conceived the idea of making me a rival attraction in another company. The result did not make me an enthusiast about the educational value of stock companies. I would not say anything to discourage those who are resigning themselves to the work because they believe that it is a good schooling for young

actors. It may be for some. But it did not agree with my mental constitution. To keep in mind three parts—the one I was playing every night, the one I was rehearsing every morning, and the one I was studying for next week's rehearsal—I found a task too great for me. On Monday night I was always letter-perfect, but on Saturday night the three parts made an unhappy *mélange* in odd corners of my brain. I played Lieut. Denton in 'Arizona' for a while in Chicago. Then Mr. La Shelle chose me for 'The Virginian'."

Mr. Farnum, being asked how he accounted for the extraordinary success of the play now in its fourth season, said: "Well, there is the book, you know."

"But dramatized novel after dramatized novel have failed."

"Yes, but some of them were costume plays, and the day of the costume play is done."

He reflected.

"Men and women like to see persons who talk and walk and live like themselves on the stage. They like the simplicity and sincerity of every day. Don't you? I like simple people. They are the only sort worth knowing. I like simple acting. It is the only true acting."

We talked of the simplicity of the big, quiet scene in the play when the Virginian was called upon by the unwritten law of the plains to lynch his best friend.

"The finest bit of acting in the play was the scene in which you and Steve met and you looked at each other and each understood what was to come."

"It was very simple," said the Virginian.

"And very difficult."

Dustin Farnum nodded. "But it was exactly what men would have done under the circumstances. You know they would not have talked. There was nothing to say. There

was nothing to do. It was more effective to do nothing."

"But some actors would have done something."

The Virginian smiled. "Yes. I go to every kind of play, the worst as well as the best. I learn more from the bad than the good plays, for from the screamiest thriller that ever played the Bowery one learns most about what not to do."

Mr. Farnum's past, brief and undiversified save for the peak of his four years' success in Owen Wister's play, had no swift transitions to render the landscape picturesque. Gradual development has in it nothing of the dramatic. Indeed, the most interesting feature of Mr. Farnum's past is his origin. It has been said that he is a descendant of Daniel Webster, but he himself does not say so.

"It would start so many people writing letters," he said.

His future is undefined. "I am to play 'The Virginian' another year. After that I join Charles Frohman's forces. After that I don't know what."

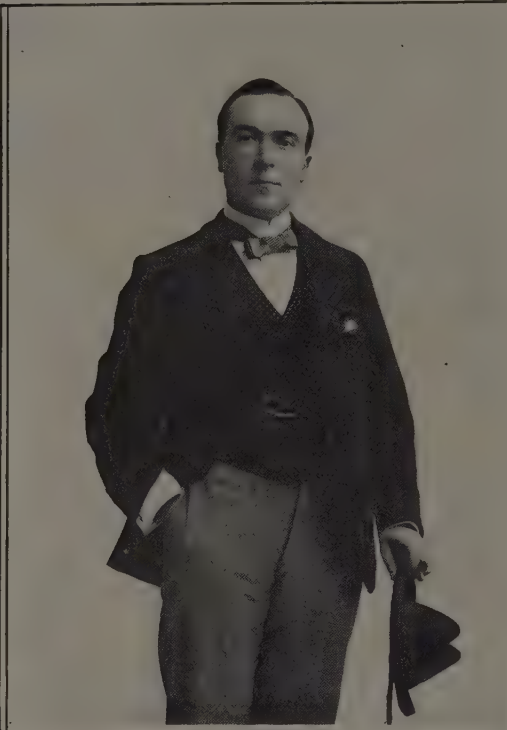
The present interests Dustin Farnum most. He is a twenty-four-hour philosopher. "Sufficient unto the day is the trouble thereof and the pleasure," he would say, and he turns instinctively toward the pleasure. His is not the class of mind that haunts the shadows and luxuriates in misery. No one would charge him with being introspective. He has the genius of enjoyment,



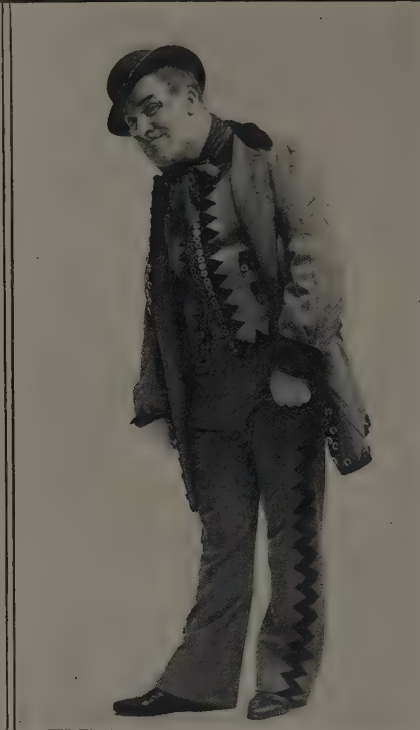
DUSTIN FARNUM IN "THE VIRGINIAN"



As Old Dutch



As Himself



As the Costermonger

ALBERT CHEVALIER, THE FAMOUS COCKNEY IMPERSONATOR, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN AMERICAN CITIES THIS SEASON IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE FRENCH *DISEUSE*, YVETTE GUILBERT

Albert Chevalier was born in 1861 in London. His father was a Frenchman and his mother Welsh. He first appeared on the stage as an amateur and his professional debut was as a super at the old Prince of Wales' Theatre in 1878. Afterwards he went on tour with the Kendals, playing a small part in "Diplomacy." After several appearances under John Hare and the Kendals, he went on tour as principal comedian in the Van Biele Opera Co., and later was engaged by the late Tom Robertson for his season at Toole's. About 1880 he became associated with Willie Edouin at the Strand, where he played in burlesque and introduced the first of his cockney songs, "Our 'Armonic Club' in "Aladdin." He has given over 1,000 recitals at one hall in London alone.

but his pleasures are simple and he has the gift of prudence.

"When I joined the Ethel Tucker company I received twelve dollars a week and my board. I managed to save something. When we finished our season of sixteen weeks I had saved something like seventy-five dollars. That habit has remained with me more or less.

"The greatest happiness I have ever known was in lying on my back in the bottom of a row boat on the bay at Bucksport on a summer's day. I have lain that way four and five hours at a time. I seemed to be in the world, but not of it."

Outside the cable cars clanged, the elevated trains whizzed and snorted, the newsboys advertised their wares with ear-splitting shouts, and there was the discord in unison of three typewriters in the outer office. The air was charged with nervous activity. The picture of the idler in the boat seemed incongruous.

"What did you do?"

"Oh, slept or read or did nothing. I read *Les Misérables* lying on my back in the boat, read it five times. Don't you think that is the greatest novel ever written? And *Thelma* I have read five times. They are my favorites, but I read, and in certain moods like everything. A dime novel serves occasionally. So does Browning."

Dustin Farnum loves his ocean, not only in her calm moods and his own in the row-boat phase, but in her sterner moments a-roar and a-storm.

"Once I was in a steamer that went ashore on the rocks on the Maine coast," he said. "I was awakened by the noise of the waves, and as the boat struck the

rocks I was thrown out of my berth and struck the opposite wall. It was five o'clock in the morning and I threw some clothes on and went out to see what was happening. Breakfast had just been put upon the table, and one fellow sat down but got up leaving his breakfast untasted. When he had gone above I ate his breakfast. I thought 'If we have to take to the water I want to be fortified.' That was a good breakfast, and I ate all there was to eat, then went on deck. We were rescued, and every one was hungry before we reached shore except your obedient servant. It is best not to get excited."

Before we parted, I added to my knowledge of Dustin Farnum, "the Virginian" from Maine, that of all the men he knows he cares most for the companionship of physicians. "I like their class of mind," he said. And I discovered that one of the air castles that framed themselves while he lay in the bottom of the boat on a summer's day at Bucksport, Me., was that he might have a permanent company.

"There have not been more than three or four changes in 'The Virginian' since the first performance. We are all interested in each other and have grown to be like one large family. If anything goes wrong I never speak to the people about it. I have my stage manager do that. I don't see why we shouldn't always stay together," he said.

From an interview with him one carries away the impression of an enduring youth, a perennial boyishness that is half of the analysis — baffling charm of the Virginian.

ADA PATTERSON.



MARIE GRANDPRE

A young actress of Chicago, who will be seen in the productions of B. C. Whitney

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By J. K. HACKETT

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

THAT which to all outward seeming was one of the most disheartening events in my career was that which preceded my entering upon it. It was the summing up of a long argument by my late friend, the veteran manager A. M. Palmer. He had told me that the path of the player bristled with thorns of difficulty, and that the roses of reward were few. He had told me of the uncertainty of productions and the equal uncertainty of salaries. He told me that few players ever amassed a fortune, and that fewer keep one. He argued that the sensitiveness of the player made him doubly susceptible to the thousand slights put upon him by those who criticize and those who carelessly look upon the play. He concluded with a more personal argument.

"You are too tall for the stage," he said, "and you are not handsome enough."

With the omniscience of twenty-three, I said: "All that you have told me but strengthens my determination. I intend to become an actor."

Smiling with a resigned air, Mr. Palmer said: "Go home and think over what I have said."

So I did, yet without altering my determination. Two days later a call came for me from the theatre. Unused as I was to the parlance of the stage, I handed it to my mother to interpret.

"That means, my son, that you are to report for duty," she said. I reported, and was engaged for a three-line part in "The Broken Seal."

Now that we are launched, let us take the customary backward glance at the shore we are leaving, the glance of sentiment, of appreciation, of farewell.

My father, James H. Hackett, I know only through loving family annals, for I was but two years old when he died. He was one of the greatest of Falstaffs, and was one of the fine old cult of players that drank deeply and unceasingly at the fount of Shakespeare. When I was born, where my parents were spending the summer, at Wolf Island, which happened to be just across the dividing line, on the Canadian side (the only thing for which I cannot forgive my mother), my father made a wise observation that was a comment upon his wisdom.

"When the youngster grows up," he said, "we will have set him at the law. It is an excellent preparation for business or a profession. Then we will let him make whatever else of himself he wishes."

And after his death my mother carried out his wishes. She was a deeply wise mother, of the Spartan type. She made



JAMES K. HACKETT AT THE AGE OF 4

me live much in the open. She taught me to row and fish and shoot. Some of the lessons I learned in our summers in the Thousand Islands. Some of them were taught me at the old family home in Jamaica.

I learned in those growing days a great deal about the family history, and especially much about the Reverend Abraham Keteltas, my great grandfather, who joined the Revolutionary Army and was known as the fighting parson. When I heard of his blood-letting encounters I burned to emulate his daring deeds, and so I have sometimes, on the stage. Alas! my wars have been mimic ones.

My mother took me out of a private school when she feared the coddling of such institutions was going to feminize me. She sent me to Grammar School 69, and afterwards to the New York

City College, where I graduated. Two of my classmates proposed to go into the law and I followed them, but only for a year's course in the Columbia Law School. Latterly there appeared between the pages of the law books and my eyes a grim vision. It grew in horror until it obsessed me. One day I went home and said: "Mother, I don't want to be a lawyer."

"Why not, my son?" she asked.

"Because if I become a lawyer I shall want to be a judge, and if I become a judge I may have to

pass the death sentence upon someone."

My mother's creed of life has always been an anti-cruelty one, and the youthful argument appealed to her.

"Very well, my son," she answered cheerfully. "What would you like to take up?"

"I don't know," I answered, truthfully at that time.

It happened that directly afterwards I played in a game of football in Jersey City. I was injured and had two months for subsequent reflection. Out of that reflection grew the determination to go upon the stage, and my interview with Mr. Palmer at Palmer's Theatre. My mother made no objection to my resolve. She repeated merely the adage she had brought me up on.

"Whatever you decide to do, if it be shoeing horses, do it well."

I was then twenty-three. I had lived in an atmosphere of dramatic art. I had had the experience of amateur theatricals, beginning when I was seven years old, and my indulgent mother permitted me to use the lower floor of our home at No. 107 East Thirty-fifth street for a child's theatre, which I managed, recruiting my company from among the neighbors' children,



AT 22



AT 18



J. K. HACKETT AT THE AGE OF 12



Photo Reutlinger, Paris

A NEW PORTRAIT OF OLGA NETHERSOLE

This English actress will begin an American tour at Pittsburg next month, opening in a repertoire which will include "Camille," "Sapho," "Carmen," "Magda," and "The Wife of Scarli." While in California she will produce a play founded upon Gertrude Atherton's novel "A Daughter of the Vine." Later in the season Miss Nethersole will be seen in New York in Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Hervieu's comedy "Le Réveil"

and playing to a tolerant audience made up of my mother and her friends. I had been a member of the New York City College Dramatic Club, and as such had played in a score of performances, one at the Madison Square Garden, bringing down a scolding from the critics for the sacrilege of amateurs attempting to body forth any of Shakespeare's thoughts. In an original play called "The Devil in Search of a Wife," I did a Spanish dance. My red silk skirt and black lace mantilla the boys told me were becoming. I danced so often in the productions of "The Devil in Search of a Wife," which we played for clubs about the city, that I wore out my beautiful red silk skirt, and had to have a new black one, and my mantilla was so grievously torn by unaccustomed fingers that it had to submit to the humiliation of being mended. My Carmencita clothes are among the household curiosities at my home, No. 38 East Thirty-third street.

I had learned dancing and fencing, two arts that serve an actor well, and these, with a resolution to become as good an actor as it was possible for me to be, were my assets for the stage.

I made my début in "The Broken Seal" at Palmer's. I played my three-line part for a week. The second week Mr. J. H. Stoddart's wife died, and he left the cast. The management was nearly frantic. Jean Torquenic, the convict, which Mr. Stoddart had played, was a pivotal character. "There isn't anyone in the company to play the part. I can't get anyone else here in time to get up in it," groaned the stage manager, white with anxiety.

The part had fascinated me. I had for a week stood in the wings watching Mr. Stoddart play it, and I knew nearly every line of it. With the blood mounting my cheeks at my own audacity, yet with ambition urging me on, I walked across the stage to him and said: "Please let me try the part."

"Do you think you can play it?" Eugene Presbrey, the

stage director, demanded in desperation. He looked skeptical. "I believe I can," I answered.

I did play Jean Torquenic, and the management was pleased with the result. I played it for five nights until we changed the bill. You expect to hear of an immediate and astounding increase of salary? Not at all. I had told Mr. Palmer that money was no object, I only wanted to learn to act, and he took me at my word. I had no increase of salary that season. In fact, I never received any increase of salary, probably because I never asked for it. The consequence was that when I was playing leading men rôles my salary was less than that which some of the minor members of my company, in their first two or three years on the stage, receive.

The next season I was engaged for Lotta's company, but she fell ill and had to cancel her contracts. Arthur Rehan persuaded me to join forces with him, and we took out a company and played New Jersey towns for a few weeks. It was a venture gainful in experience and losing in money.

I next joined the Augustin Daly company and played small parts for a year without attracting any appreciable attention from Mr. Daly. In the summer Mr. Daly went abroad and I had arranged with the owner of the theatre to keep it open all summer and head a stock company in it. A cable of three words cut my hopes in twain. It was from Mr. Daly. "Close the theatre," he said.

Mr. Daly's financial troubles had necessitated closing the playhouse. I got together a company and played Canadian towns, and formed a stock company to play Shakespearian rôles. I became a repertoire star and drank the cup of the one-night stands to the lees. Later, I joined the companies of Mrs. Potter, Mr. Bellew and others until I played De Neipperg in "Sans Gene," and after that success I began to hope.



Hall

Mabel Bert

Walter Hitchcock

W. H. Crane

Inez Plummer

Walter: "How are you, Mrs. Tremblett? You've heard the news, May tells me"



Hall

Mr. Crane

Margaret Dale

Joe (dictating): "I wish to see you before you go—I will call to-morrow at two"



Inez Plummer

Mr. Crane

Joe: "Does it hurt you so much being poor, May?"

Scenes in Alfred Sutro's New Comedy, "The Price of Money," at the Garrick Theatre



GROUP OF PEASANTS EXECUTING ONE OF THE NATIONAL DANCES TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF CASTANETS

The Dancers of Spain

By THOMAS WALSH

IT is in the songs of a country that one generally looks to find its soul; but in the case of Spain as well as of all our Spanish neighbors, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Central and South America and the Philippine Islands, we find that it is in their dances that the national or racial spirit most clearly reveals itself. Therefore the subject of Spanish dancing should possess not only historic and æsthetic interest, but also a practical bearing on many problems of domestic and civic importance.

Unfortunately the *furor* created in foreign lands by occasional wandering dancers from Spain has given rise to so many erroneous notions on the subject that we too readily overlook the conditions under which these dances exist at home—their national and their local character,—the fact that they are performed from childhood by Spanish men and women of all conditions of society,—and that they are associated not only with every festivity but also with the religious ritual.

In a way Spain may be said to have set the whole world dancing. Martial, Strabo and Petronius tell us that Rome, as early as the days of the first Cæsars, delighted in the dancers of Cádiz; and Baron Davillier assures us that the *Olé*, as danced in southern Andalusia, is identical with the Egyptian dances shown in the sculptures in the museum of Turin. Moreover, did not Italy and France in the sixteenth century succumb to the charms of the *Passacalle*? Was not the *Paspié*—one of the forms of the *Pavane*—the delight of seventeenth century France? Was not the *Zarabanda*, after a hundred years of persecution at home, triumphantly introduced into France by Louis XIV. himself?

In the sixteenth century—that golden age of dancing—the Spaniards established a clear distinction between what are known as *Danzas* and *Bailes*. By *Danzas* were intended all

the grave and stately measures of the courts; these were the pastimes of the Ferdinands and Philips, their queens and favorites and the haughty warriors, ambassadors and *nuncios* of Toledo, Seville and Escorial. Such was the *Pavana* or *Pavane* characterized by its numerous struttings like those of the peacock, in which it is said that Catherine dei Medicis was unrivaled. A similar dance was the *Folia*, for which some claim a Portuguese origin. The blood-thirsty Pedro I. of that country devoted his evenings to dancing it with his children and the other unfortunates he could command about him. As with many of the Spanish dances the *Folia* became a favorite musical *motif* in France and Italy of the seventeenth century, and in a debased form it is still performed occasionally on the Spanish stage.

The beginning of the eighteenth century saw the final extinction of the *Zarabanda* and *Chacona* or *Passacalle*, their places being taken by ballets and *Danzas-Habladas*, many of which were written by poets such as Quevedo, Lope de Vega, Calderon and Mendoza. But this period which marked a transition was not long in endurance, for we now witness the triumph of the *Bailes* over the *Danzas* in the rage for the Bolero, the Fandango and the Seguidilla.

Theophile Gautier was more epigrammatic than exact in asserting that Spanish dancing exists only in Paris. The *Danzas* are indeed gone, but the traveler who will not see on every hand in Spain evidences of the national devotion to the *Bailes* must be singularly blind. By



PILAR MARTI
A popular dancer of the Bolero in Madrid



ADELINA GRICE, A FAVORITE DANCER OF THE FANDANGO



TYPES OF DANCERS WHO ARE POPULAR IN BARCELONA, SEVILLA, GRANADA AND OTHER CITIES OF SPAIN

Bailes are intended all those lighter forms of dance that approximate to our modern ballroom gyrations. In the drawing rooms of the wealthy and comfortable Spaniard one finds the waltz and its kindred dances in general practice as in other countries; yet it is not unusual, and just now it is somewhat the fashion in the better class of homes for the ladies of the household to arise to the sound of the guitar and castanets and perform a Seguidilla with grace and refinement.

The Fandango, the Bolero and the Seguidilla constitute the body of the distinctively Spanish dances of to-day; these are the measures that have thrilled the hearts of the poets and novelists of the romantic school; that have inspired the brushes of masters so diverse as Watteau, Lancret, Goya and John Sargent.

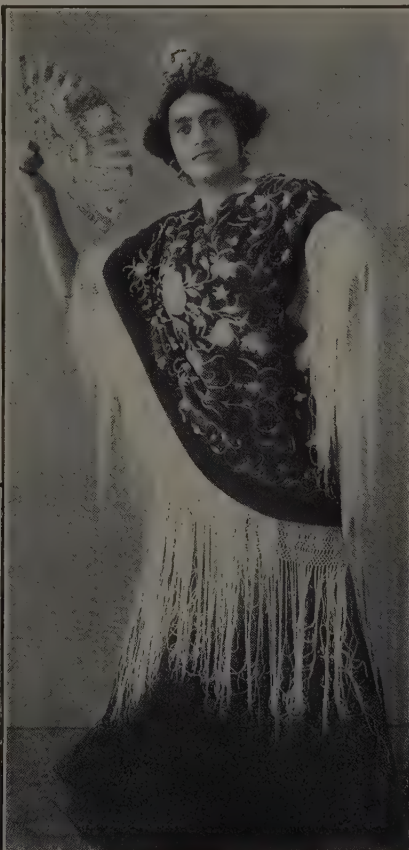
The Fandango, one of the best known and most popular of the dances, while dating only from the beginning of the eighteenth century, seems to have been derived from the *Zarabanda* which, though stately enough in some respects, was characterized by Cervantes as "the infernal dance." It is performed by one or more couples with castanets, though the male dancer sometimes substitutes a tambourine. It is danced to triple time with a marked accent on the second beat. George W. Cable maintains that the *Calinda*, the *Congo* and the *Chica* of Santo Domingo and the

Windward Islands are merely new forms of the Fandango.

The Bolero is also two centuries old, though it would seem to have borrowed some of its features from the *Zarabanda* and *Chacona*. It is considered a more graceful and modest dance than the Fandango, and as performed upon the stage usually consists of five distinct parts. These are the *Paseo* or promenade, a sort of introductory measure; the *Diferencia*, in which the step is altered; the *Traversia*, in which there is changing of places; the *Finale*, a kind of summing-up of the features of the dance; and the *Bien-Parado*, consisting of graceful attitudes and a combination pose. It is most fascinating to watch the different steps.

The Bolero is danced in three-quarter time and with a low, gliding or flying step which is always well marked. The tunes or preludes, known as the *feintes pauses*, may be changed, but the rhythm never once it has been established. The part for the *bailarina* is much more impassioned and expressive than that for the man; one of its distinctive and most graceful *posturas* is that called *dar la vuelta*, which brings the dancers face to face after half a turn. It is usually the Bolero that is depicted by the eighteenth century painters, such as Watteau and Lancret. "Olé! Olé!" observes a grave Spanish author, "the Bolero intoxicates!"

The Seguidilla is the name given both to



FAVORITE DANCER OF THE CACHUCHA IN MADRID



ZARABANDA DANCE



JITANOS DANCE



Sarony

RICHARD BENNETT

Now playing the part of Lennard Wilmore in "The Hypocrites"

the dance and the stanzas or *coplas* which are generally sung with it. It is comparatively a modern dance, dating from the eighteenth century, the step of the most popular Seguidillas having their origin in La Mancha, hence the reputation of the *Seguidillas Manchegas*. However, there are some authors who maintain that with the exception of the *Bailes en Coro*, or Rounds, and the *Danza-Prima*, the Seguidilla is the most ancient of Spanish dances.

It is distinguished from the Bolero by a greater rapidity and a gaiety and spiritedness without the boldness that sometimes characterizes Andalusian dances. Every province can boast of its own local tune and manner of rendering it. In Andalusia, where it is danced and sung very gaily, it is called the *Sigüiriya*; and in other quarters, Sevillana, Valenciana, Gitana, Aragonesa, Malagueña, etc.

The *coplas*, or stanzas, which accompany the Seguidilla, are improvised to suit almost every occasion, and the fertility of mind joined to gifts of expression possessed by these untutored singers would be inexplicable did we not know that from the earliest times they have been practising this art and highly esteem all who are successful in it. From La Mancha, the supposed birthplace of the Seguidilla, we have this characteristic *copla*:

"My heart in flying
Went straight to thy breast;
Thou cuttest its pinions,
So there it must rest
For braving thy nest.
May it stay there forever
In punishment blest!"

In the Balearic Isles this Malagueña has been long a favorite:

"One little star of heaven
Doth there no longer shine,
But in thy face hath risen
To light that brow of thine."

Another Malagueña expresses this charming sentiment:

"'And what shall cause my death?' I prayed
The wizard; 'Love,' responded he;
Alas! already, mountain maid,
My heart was loving thee!"

These *cantos populares* are chanted by the dancers and the on-lookers during the movements or the pauses between the several figures. The musical accompaniment almost invariably is on the guitar, which is sometimes played in a masterly manner; the tambourine, or *pandero*, and the castanets are further employed to accentuate the rhythm; and the performers are also encouraged by the audience with cries of "Olé! Olé!" and *palmadas*, a sort of clapping with the backs of the closed fingers in the palm of the other hand. Moreover, the *connoisseurs* possess a set of technical terms in which they discuss the merits of the dancing. By *tacones* they refer to the time beaten by the dancers' heels, which is frequently a more rapid *staccato* than can be played by the musicians; the *lactisma* is the beat of the fore foot; the *meneo* describes the turns and contortions of the body.

Besides these three principal dances, the Fandango, the Bolero and the Seguidilla, there are certain other *Bailes* that are the specialties of different provinces; thus the Galicians have their *Danza-Prima* and *Muyneira*; the Andalusians their *Bondina*; the Manchegans their original form of the Seguidilla; the Salamancans, the *Charro*; in Valladolid flourishes the *Zorgona*; in Murcia, the *Torra* and *Pavana*; and there are also the *Jota Aragonesa* and the *Jaleo de Jerez*, not to mention various forms of the dances as performed by the gypsies.

The *Danza-Prima* dates back to the times of Gothic kings, yet it is still the favorite dance throughout the Asturias and Galicia. Like many primitive dances it takes the form of a ring, in which the dancers circle about hand in hand, each in turn chanting a *copla*, while all join in singing the refrain.

The *Muyneira* is another dance belonging to the northern provinces, and is danced to the *gaita*, a kind of bagpipe.

On the other hand, the *Polo* is a dance of strongly marked Moorish origin, characterized by much posturing and waving of the body.

The Cachucha is danced by one person, either male or female. It is, as its name signifies, a dainty, graceful measure danced in moderate triple time, with a gradually quickened beat, the head and bust playing an important part.

(Continued on page vii.)



Sarony

DORIS KEENE

Now playing the part of Rachel Neve in "The Hypocrites"



Jubilee Year of El Principe de Gales

Romantic History of the World-Famous "El Principe de Gales" Brand of Havana Cigars

By Manuel Gonzalez

GR^{EAT} was the rejoicing in the domain of the Union Jack the world over—where proverbially the sun never sets—when young Queen Victoria was delivered of a son and heir in 1841,—the little child becoming hostage to the popularity of her long and triumphant reign by thus assuring the perpetuity of her house.

As heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain and her Colonies, this baby boy was known from birth as the Prince of Wales.

In the Spring of 1846, when the little Prince of Wales had grown to be a sturdy chap of five, one of Havana's prominent and opulent commercial grandees introduced a new brand of cigars—one that seemed to reach the height of that perfection for which he had many years striven. So proud was he of his product that in seeking for a name of world-wide application there instantly came to his mind Albert Edward's official title—The Prince of Wales—El Principe de Gales.

In 60 years the Prince has become king of a world empire and the brand of cigars has become acknowledged "King of Havana cigars."

THE Cuban manufacturer responsible for this brand and its fame was Senor V. Martinez Ybor, prominent both among tobacco planters and manufacturers, the head of a great commercial industry and one of the principal exporters of Cuba. But Senor Ybor was heavily taxed to fill the ever-yawning exchequer of Isabella, Queen of Spain—and thereby hangs our tale.

With a view to escaping these excessive taxes and also to avoiding the American customs imports levied on manufactured cigars, Senor Ybor, with an enterprise extraordinary among the conservative Havana *duenos* (proprietors), transported his factory to the

makers of the highest skill, many of them descendants of the original colonists brought over by Senor Ybor, and others constantly recruited from the best modern *tabaqueros* from Havana itself.

Indeed, the Havana-American Company's newest factory, lately opened at Key West, is the largest in America devoted to the exclusive manufacture of Havana cigars. And here working conditions are so superior and wages steadily so high that there is competition even among Cuban cigar makers of the highest skill for employment under its spacious roof.

If you are a smoker and could visit these factories in Key West and Tampa, and contrast their modern equipment as to lighting, ventilation, comfort, safety, sanitation, etc., with the forbidding, unwholesome and unsanitary conditions of the average cigar "factory" (so often little more than a crowded room like an eastside sweatshop)—you would be deeply impressed with the perfection of equipment and organization characteristic of the Havana-American Company's factories and system.

All smokers are urged to visit the El Principe de Gales factories when in the vicinity of Key West or Tampa. To see the Cuban experts, each molding his pet shape of cigar—to learn all their odd and historic associations, and to watch the older workmen whose whole life, perhaps, has been given up to the making of one size or shape of El Principe de Gales—these things are of never failing interest.

From the day of its establishment in this country El Principe de Gales began to grow in sales, its originator zealously striving to produce a cigar that would be judged as a true Havana in whatever part of the world it might encounter connoisseurs. Moreover he developed El Principe de Gales in so many shapes and sizes; so many



Contrast the lighting, ventilation, comfort, sanitation, etc., with the forbidding conditions in the average cigar "factory"



Here working conditions are so superior and wages steadily so high that there is competition among Cuban cigar makers of the highest skill for employment under its spacious roof



Senor Ybor developed El Principe de Gales in many shapes, sizes and colors, many gradations of strength and flavor—the favorite Havana brand

Scenes in the Modern El Principe de Gales Factory

United States, locating at Key West, where his factory was operated for several years until it was destroyed by fire in 1887.

The city of Tampa, Fla., then gave him a tract of land which was called "Ybor City," and here, after the patriarchal Spanish custom, his workmen from Havana came and settled about the new factory with their families; for, necessarily, Senor Ybor retained his *tabaqueros*, who had grown up with his El Principe de Gales brand in Havana and Key West; and having thus duplicated Havana environment and traditional conditions of manufacture, he then proceeded to reinforce his plant at Ybor City with a far-reaching and perfect system for supervising the growing leaf and buying the cured leaf on Cuba's finest tobacco *vegas* in the famous Vuelta Abajo district.

As his business grew he developed an organization in Cuba for watching growing leaf and securing the cream of each crop, such as was possessed by no other manufacturer of cigars in the United States. Less than a day's journey to the south, the finest product of Cuba is brought up the Gulf in swift vessels, made up into Havana shapes and sizes by Cuban workmen, and in what is practically the Cuban climate.

Even competitors confessed that there was no better, more thoroughly organized force of experts, and no more important and favored buyer in the Cuban markets. And no factory in Havana preserved a truer standard of quality and workmanship than did Senor Ybor in his El Principe de Gales factories in Ybor City.

SOME seven years ago the control of El Principe de Gales passed to the Havana-American Company. In factories built upon the most approved modern lines in Tampa and Key West are employed cigar

gradations of strength and flavor, that to-day not even the oldest brands established in Havana number a wider following of devotees among the more discriminating smokers.

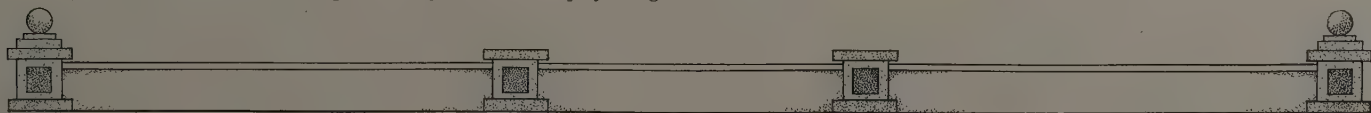
Is it any wonder, then, with these immense advantages, that El Principe de Gales soon began to lead in the American market? Its conditions of manufacture were such that no other clear Havana cigar could hope to compete with this brand in *quality*, nor could any domestic brand. Its advantages in *price*, owing to the impost of tariff duties, made competition by Havana manufacturers equally futile.

In 1890, when the increased tariff on foreign cigars went into effect, the sales of this notable brand had in the course of some forty years reached an annual output of ten million. To-day's demand requires an output of thirty-five million cigars—this is more than double the quantity of Havana cigars of any one brand that has ever been produced by any other cigar factory in the world.

One of the most interesting features of the Florida State Fair, held November 29, 1905, was the exhibits of the Havana Cigar Manufacturers. The various factories entered in competition, and the board of expert manufacturers rendered a unanimous decision awarding first prize to the Havana-American Co., manufacturers of El Principe de Gales.

THIS, then, is the jubilee year of El Principe de Gales. For sixty years it has held the market, with ever-increasing sales and prestige.

A cigar made for the most critical public, holding its place for six decades against the finest products of Havana, must surely be of highest excellence.



A Beautiful Life

William Winter, the poet and critic, in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* gives under the title "A Glimpse of a Beautiful Life" some interesting reminiscences of Mary Anderson, whom he declares to have been "the most essentially womanlike and splendidly tragical Juliet that our stage has known within the last fifty years." The paramount beauty of the impersonation, he thinks, was its vocalism, and Mr. Winter goes on to say:

"Miss Anderson's voice, indeed, was always her predominant charm: certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and inexpressible melancholy—went straight to the heart, and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face; you can pad your person; you can wear a wig; you can walk in shoes that augment your height; you can, in various ways, change your body; but your voice will, sooner or later, reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impersonations; but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory. The time had not yet come when she could, actually and absolutely, embody Juliet. It did come, and her success in that part was decisive and unequivocal. * * * I had the good fortune to see and study every one of her embodiments. She acted, during her thirteen years on the stage, Parthenia, in 'Ingomar'; Bianca, in 'Fazio'; Julia, in 'The Hunchback'; Pauline, in 'The Lady of Lyons'; Evadne, in the play of that name; Berthe, in 'Roland's Daughter'; The Duchess of Torrenueva, in 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady'; Galatea, in 'Pygmalion and Galatea'; Clarice, in 'Tragedy and Comedy'; The Countess, in 'Love'; Meg Merrilies, in 'Guy Mannering'; Ion, in the tragedy so called; Juliet; Rosalind; Desdemona (once only); Perdita and Hermione in 'The Winter's Tale'; and Lady Macbeth. In each of those parts she gave an individual and potential impersonation; but I was always impressed, first and most of all, by the inevitable quality in her performances. She appeared to have grasped each character by intuition, to have entered bodily into it at once, and to be living it without conscious volition. Study she must have given to those characters, and the effect of art decidedly she produced, in the embodiment of them; but I always thought that 'she builded better than she knew.' Her acting was simple and graceful with the fluency of Nature. I have heard her call it 'work,' but it never seemed 'work' to the spectator. There was, in particular, such a charm of spontaneity, simplicity and natural loveliness about her personation of Parthenia that nobody could resist its appeal."

Mary Anderson reversed the usual order of things. Instead of beginning at the bottom of the ladder she began at the top. Says Mr. Winter:

"Mary Anderson, on the stage, had to make her way from comparative obscurity, and at the first, contrary to the common belief, her pathway was not one of roses. Artistically, however, she began 'at the top'—where, as Daniel Webster said, there is always plenty of room. Genius and beauty can, sometimes, so begin, wisely and to advantage; but, in general, that course is not judicious. The beginner, in this case, acted on the advice of Charlotte Cushman, who perceived her natural endowments, and must have discerned in her an exceptional fitness for the dramatic profession. Just as Burns was born to write poetry, Mary Anderson was born to act. That fact the veteran actress divined; and though firm in the faith that, as she expressed it, 'the art of sailing a ship cannot be learned by entering at the cabin window,' she knew that there are exceptions to all rules. The origin of genius has not been ascertained. It happens—and that is all we know

about it. The antecedents of Mary Anderson afford no explanation of her proclivity for the stage. She was born in the Eagle Hotel, Sacramento, Cal., July 28, 1859. Her father, Charles H. Anderson, was a young Englishman who had come to America to seek his fortune. An old comrade of mine—Clifton W. Tayleure, actor, dramatic author and manager, long since dead and gone—told me that he knew him; that he served as an officer in the Confederate Army; and that he died early in the Civil War. His grave is in Magnolia Cemetery, at Mobile, Alabama. Her mother, Antonia Leugers, of Philadelphia, was a beautiful woman, of German descent, and of rigorous Catholic principles. Neither of her parents was theatrical. Her mother, after some



MARY ANDERSON AS JULIET

time of widowhood, married Dr. Hamilton Griffin, of Louisville, Ky., where, for a time, Miss Anderson was an inmate of a Roman Catholic convent-school. She was reared in the Catholic faith, by Father Anthony Miller, a Franciscan priest, her mother's uncle—a man of extensive learning and exalted character. She left school before she was fourteen years of age. As a child she had seen some of the performances of Edwin Booth, which had touched her heart and fired her fancy. To such a degree, indeed, was she influenced by Booth's acting that she learned some of the parts she had seen him perform—Hamlet, Richelieu, Wolsey and Richard III.—and acted them in private; and also she learned and acted Schiller's Joan of Arc. Her resolute purpose to become an actress (for, even in girlhood, she manifested exceptional strength of will) prevailed over the scruples of most of her pious relatives. Doctor Griffin, her stepfather, speaking to me of that period in her experience, said that her insistence was irresistible, and that, at last, he was constrained to go with her to the principal theatre of Louisville and ask for a trial of her talents. Then came her performance of Juliet. The verdict was favorable, and the manager, Macauley—specially incited thereto by an approving word from the tragedian John McCullough—gave to her a regular engagement, beginning January 20, 1876—from which time until the season of 1888-89 she was in continual practice of her profession. She first appeared in New York in 1877, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and thereafter she made annual tours of the country, and so laid the foundation of a brilliant renown. Her professional ventures in England ensued, and she be-

came a favorite abroad as well as at home. Her acting was seen with delight in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in the provincial cities of England. On June 17, 1890, she was married to Mr. Antonio de Navarro, and since then she has dwelt in retirement, only occasionally emerging to read and to sing for the benefit of the poor of London. Her home is at Broadway, Worcestershire, England; and her friends are glad to know that she is—as she deserves to be—one of the happiest women in the world."

Of her popularity and the many friendships she formed with celebrated people, Mr. Winter writes:

"It is a sign of Mary Anderson's nobility that she attracted, and always kept, the esteem and affectionate regard of such noble natures as Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and Joseph Jefferson, among actors, and of Longfellow, Tennyson, Lord Lytton and Aubrey de Vere, among poets. Staunch and valued friends of hers also were Antoinette Sterling, the Earl of Pembroke, Professor Blackie, Alma-Tadema, Frank Millet and William Black. With Longfellow she was a special favorite, and she derived lasting benefit from his friendship and his counsel."

Regarding the complaint frequently made in some quarters, that Mary Anderson's acting was cold and powerless to arouse real feeling, Mr. Winter has this to say:

"There is an order of mind, prevalent in all communities, that feels itself rebuked by the impact of intellectual character. That order of mind complained, of Miss Anderson's acting, that it was 'cold.' The truth is that beneath a calm exterior that actress veiled, without concealing, great tenderness of feeling, deep human sympathy, an impulsive temperament, exquisite sensibility and an almost perilous activity of poetic imagination. On some occasions, with intimate friends, she would yield to a mood of frolic—the mood that was so delicious in her embodiment of Perdita: she had a deep and quick sense of humor, and she heartily enjoyed mirth. In other moods she seemed withdrawn into herself: dark, lonely, and estranged from all human companionship. At such times she liked to walk alone, in solitary places; to muse in the hallowed churchyard of Stratford; to scale the summit of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh; to haunt the vaulted aisles of Canterbury; to face the storm on the wind-swept cliffs of Brighton."

Mr. Winter closes with this eloquent description of the actress's personal beauty:

"Fair; tall; of an imperial figure; her features regular; her changeful blue eyes, placid as a summer lake or blazing with the fire of roused imagination; her noble head, enwreathed with its copious wealth of golden hair; her smile, the diamond sparkle of morning light; her gestures, large, wide, graceful, free; her movement, at times electrical with action, at times pathetically eloquent of slow, wandering grief or the stupor of despair; her voice, clear, smooth, silvery, ringing through many moods, from the ripple of arch, bewitching mirth to the low moan of anguish, the deep whisper of passion or the clarion note of power—she filled the scene with her presence, and she filled the hearts of her audience with a refreshing sense of delightful, ennobling conviction of the possible loveliness and majesty of the human soul. I think that this was the sum of her service to art and to society. Many pages might be written about electrical points in her personations of character—her denotement of Juliet's desolation, after parting, in the lonely midnight, from the last human being whom she may ever behold; her revelation of Hermione's awful despair, when she covers her face with her mantle, and falls in deathlike trance; her simplicity and piquant archness when giving the flowers, as Perdita, contrasted with her soul-subduing agony in Bianca's supplication to her stony-hearted, exultant, scornful rival; but that would require the wide domain of an essay, and this is but a glimpse. The decisive fact suffices that this actress was one of the authentic messengers of Heaven who shed a light on this world and, in the hearts of its weary workers, rekindle the sacred fires of hope and trust."

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American Singer Who Won Fame

(Continued from page 262)

Portuguese début, however, as Azucena, and in this rôle and that of Amneris she appeared with such success in Vienna that she was offered a three years' contract there, but refused it, as she did not wish to give up London, where she has made many friends and whose critics have from the first been most enthusiastic over her voice, style and acting. She gave up her season at Covent Garden last spring because of having been asked to create the contralto rôle of Candida della Lionessa in the Franchetti-D'Annunzio opera "La Figlia di Torio," founded on the D'Annunzio drama of the same title, produced at La Scala, Milan, last spring, rightly considering this too great an honor to decline. It was at a rehearsal of this opera that Mr. Hammerstein engaged her for his new company. Among the operas in which New Yorkers will hear her are: "Aida," "Lohengrin," as Marguerite in Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," in which Renaud will sing Mephistopheles, possibly in "Norma," and certainly in "Trovatore."

"Do you know," said the singer, apropos of her many appearances as the gypsy mother, "one season I sang that rôle so many times that the dark makeup actually changed the color of my skin. I had to take a regular course of facial massage to return to my original coloring."

The accompanying photograph of Mme. de Cisneros is an excellent likeness. Tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, the contralto has the excellent physique, the perfect health so necessary for a singer, and her mobile, expressive face is full of charm. Simple and unaffected in manner, she is quite free from pose or affectation, and speaks modestly of her successes.

"I must say," she remarked, "that I am proud of the fact that although naturally I have broadened, developed and learned much from my association with great artists, I have never studied in Europe. All my vocal training was gained in America."

After her season in New York, Mme. de Cisneros will go to London for the regular season at Covent Garden. It is to be hoped that her success in her native land will be as brilliant as that which she has already won in Austria, Russia, Portugal, England, Italy, and our neighbor Brazil.

Milan, July 8. ELISE LATHROP.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

M. W. R.—A cover picture of Miss May appeared on the November, 1904, number of this magazine. Miss Columbia, H. R. B., and numerous others: A brief sketch of Beatrice Morgan's career will shortly be published in this magazine.

L. W., Denver, Col.—May Buckley did star in "A Japanese Nightingale." We cannot answer your other questions. See heading to column.

Stage Struck and M. W. R.—Edna May made her first appearance at the age of sixteen, in Hoyt's "A Contented Woman."

Stage Struck.—Lulu Glaser made her first appearance in "The Lion Tamer" in 1890. An interview with Edna May appeared in the November, 1905, number of this magazine.

Ray State, Taunton, Mass.—Q.—Will Mr. Hackett and Miss Mannering star together this season? A.—No. See last issue. Q.—Is Miss Mannering a singer? A.—She is not. Q.—Will you have an interview with Mr. Hackett? A.—See page 275, this issue.

B. R., Taunton, Mass.—Q.—Have you published a criticism and scenes from "Red Feather," and when? A.—We have not. Q.—Have you interviewed Grace Van Studdiford? A.—We have not. Q.—Have you published pictures of her in "Robin Hood," "Maid Marian" or "Red Feather"? A.—We have not.

H. W. O., Chicago.—Q.—Will you please inform me how to copyright a play, the cost, and whether a play should of necessity be copyrighted before submitting it to manager or players? A.—Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington. It is not absolutely necessary.

F. J. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Q.—Please let me know if you have pictures of Kathryn Pennell, Trixy Friganza and Lulu Glaser, and at what price? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York City. The price is from 50 cents up.

M. A. G.—Q.—What issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE have most to say of my favorite actress, Maude Adams? A.—An article on Miss Adams appeared in this magazine for September, 1903, the price of the number is \$1.00. A number of pictures of her have been published, among others in the February, March, April, May and December, 1905, numbers, the price of which is 35 cents each, and February and June, 1906.

M. E. H.—For addresses of the leading dramatic agencies in this city consult our advertising columns.

C. A. M., Richmond, Va.—Q.—Have you ever published any photographs of Richard Mansfield? A.—In the "Players Gallery No. 1," 1901, in the June and December numbers of this magazine for the same year; in the January and May, 1903, numbers; March and October, 1904; May, June and November, 1905; April, May and July, 1906. Q.—Have you ever published an interview with him? A.—March, 1904, and July, 1906.

In these articles Mr. Mansfield alludes to his early experiences.

A. K., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Have you had an interview with Olga Nethersole? A.—No. Q.—With Robert B. Mantell? A.—No.

A. E. P., Terre Haute, Ind.—Q.—Have you interviewed Lulu Glaser? A.—We have not.

E. C.—Q.—Have you published scenes from "The Rogers Bros. in Ireland"? A.—In the October, 1905, number. Q.—Have you photos of Corinne, and if so, at what price? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York City. From 50 cents up.

H. L. T.—Q.—How much does the THEATRE MAGAZINE for September, 1903, cost? A.—\$1.00.

G. C. C., Philadelphia.—We cannot furnish addresses. The summer or early autumn is the best time to see managers in reference to an engagement, but it is difficult to secure an interview.

A. B., St. John, N. B.—For photos of Marguerite Fields and Kirk Brown write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York City. It is possible that the subjects would autograph them if stamps were enclosed for return of photos. We cannot answer such questions as your first.

G. E.—Q.—Will you tell me as much about Ethel Barrymore as your space will allow? A.—Miss Barrymore is the daughter of the well-known actor, Maurice Barrymore, and his actress wife, Georgie Drew, a member of the well-known Drew family. Previous to starring in her uncle, John Drew's company, etc. Her first starring venture was in "Captain Jinks"; last season she appeared in the title rôle of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and has also given several special performances of "A Doll's House."

Q.—Have you ever had an interview with her? A.—November, 1902. Q.—Can I procure any cover pictures you may have without buying the entire magazine? A.—You can.

O. T. A.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Odette Tyler, and if so in what numbers, and price of same? A.—May, 1903, price \$1.00; November, 1904, 75 cents. Of Wallace Eddinger? A.—No. Q.—Scenes from "The Heart of Maryland"? A.—No.

M. H. G.—Pictures of vaudeville artists have appeared in this magazine. For a position in one of the Keith vaudeville houses, apply to the manager.

R. D., Portland, Ore.—We would not advise you to start a dramatic career as a super. Rather try to secure an engagement as extra, or you might even get a very small part if you were fortunate. Visit the dramatic agencies, managers, and persevere, if you wish to try this difficult profession. Much courage and perseverance will be needed.

Subscriber.—A short sketch of Grace Elliston has already appeared in these columns.

J. L., Chicago.—The only way to get a play by an unknown author read by the leading managers is to submit it. Sometimes it is read and sometimes not. The best plan would be to let the large publishing house who made the offer publish it as a book. Then, if successful, there would be little difficulty in getting the play read.

M. P. Latrobe, Pa.—Q.—Was Viola Allen supposed to have died in the last act of "The Toast of the Town"? A.—She was not.

A. R. F.—Q.—Should a young girl five feet two inches tall, but intelligent and earnest, consider her lack of height a serious drawback to success upon the stage? A.—Not necessarily. It depends upon the rôles for which she is best adapted. She is tall enough for a soubrette or ingenue.

C. L.—We are not informed as to Melville Ellis' plans for next season.

N. L. M., Brooklyn.—Q.—Have you had among your "Chats with Players," one with Margaret Anglin? A.—In the April, 1902, number. Q.—In what number were scenes of the play "Zira"? A.—November, 1905.

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The Dancers of Spain

(Continued from page 280)

The *Jota* is distinguished by the great reticence in its movements and *posturas*. In Navarre, Catalonia and Valencia it has individual features, but it is in Aragon that it reaches its finest development. It has also its own particular form of *copla*, and there are even some favorite religious *Jotas*, such as the *Natividad del Señor*, which is danced and sung at Christmas celebrations.

The *Jaleo de Jerez* has frequently been the subject of the painter in *genre*, perhaps on account of the impromptu nature of the dance, its spontaneity and adaptability to any pictorial surroundings. It is seen at its best when some Andalusian *Flamenca* or gipsy under the sudden inspiration of some old love song, glides out on the floor with her castanets or guitar and, improvising her movements, wheels giddily about, while admirers and connoisseurs encourage her with their cries of *Olé! Olé!* The *Chacona* as danced at Cadiz, especially in the manner called the *Olé*, is in some ways kindred to the *Jaleo*. It will be remembered that this latter was the Gaditanian dance which so captivated the ancient Romans. An exquisite and peculiar suppleness is required of all who would dance the *Olé* with distinction, for it is accompanied with great contortion.

This review of the most salient features of Spanish dance will perhaps be sufficient to indicate what material the subject affords to the student. In such centres as Barcelona, Sevilla, Granada, Malaga and Madrid, is to be seen to-day dancing unrivaled in any other part of the world for grace, skill and the beauty of the performers. These agile, small-boned women with their firm figures, dainty hands and feet, proud dark heads and eyes, render the various forms of the *Fandango*, *Bolero* and *Seguidilla* with an ardor that is quite incomprehensible to one who has not seen them in Spain. Seeing them there in their marvelous *mantones de Manila*, their silken shawls of yellow, black, white and green, their lustrous hair decorated with flowers, one can readily understand why they cannot be induced by any ordinary business offer to leave the towns and capitals where they are fêted and indulged in order to perform in countries where there is no understanding of the fine points of their dancing.

Andalusia is the native heath on which these dances are at their best, though tourist parties conducted by the guides through Albaicin, the gipsy quarter of Granada, and through the Triana, suburb of Sevilla, are usually treated to performances that have little bearing from an intelligent point of view of Spanish dancing. Far better effects are obtainable at the coffee and wine shops in the side streets of such a centre as Granada, in the quarters occupied by the *posadas* or inns at which the muleteers from the mountains and the plains spend their leisure hours in the city. A few coppers procure some coffee and goat's milk or some sherry or sour manzanilla; in a semi-circle on the raised platform are the stout and solemn *guitarrero*, the matronly *Flamenca* dancers, the swarthy *cantaöres* in their abbreviated jackets tapping under their chair with a rod to beat the strange rhythms of their shrill, African-toned *coplas*. The audience at the rude tables will very likely represent all grades of Andalusian society; there will be Granadine dandies present in tiny derby hats, with finger-nails an inch long to show to all the world that they do not sow nor neither do they spin; but blankets, bright colored cloaks, sashes, bandannas and military undress will prevail. Similar scenes may be witnessed at Sevilla—although the popularity of the little theatre or café-dansant, *Las Novedades*, rather discourages the smaller resorts. In Barcelona and Madrid—particularly the former charming city—one sees the dances of Spain in their greatest elegance. Some of the theatres introduce French performers, but they are generally from Marseilles and cut an ordinary figure. For just as of old the hearts of the Spanish people are true to their beautiful dances, and he who has never seen these fiery Andalusians, haughty Castilians and languorous *Flamencas* can never hope to understand the essential charm of symbolic dancing.

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I am always eager to discover, and to recognize, fresh talent, and it affords me peculiar gratification when I find it, as I have done before now, among the members of the chorus. Those who rise from the ranks, so to speak, are much more likely to turn out good actors and actresses than those who come to me armed with letters of recommendation, and I may say that I do not at all favor these latter individuals, who seldom, I have found, have anything else to recommend them.—Mr. George Edwardes interviewed.

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A Plea for the Printed Drama

(Continued from page 271)

Throughout the article I have mentioned, Mr. Brander Matthews considers the publication of plays as affording a test of the reputation of the dramatist. But in our society it may perhaps be more usefully employed as a lever to the taste of the playgoer.

Our transitional civilization moves and changes its aspects so swiftly; so swiftly leaps from one scientific discovery to another; so restlessly shifts our habits, our modes of thought, our social and moral estimates—so constantly do we undergo all kinds of outward and visible, if not of inward and spiritual transformation, that it must be very uncertain whether our modern plays, with their apparatus of minute realistic effects, will have any vogue or influence, or verisimilitude, or significance in the approaching generations.

Let us rest in great peace about posterity and our reputations.

It is not then merely as the measure of the dramatist's reputation that it is desirable to cultivate a habit of reading plays amongst playgoers—though I believe that a general and thorough examination of those of our modern plays which have been most popular and most highly praised might establish a strangely different estimate of their relative intellectual values. But we may trust to time disdaintfully to settle these values before smiling away into oblivion, us and all our pretensions.

Mr. Brander Matthews most truly says there are many plays that thrill and interest and amuse in the theatre, but that will not bear a moment's examination in print. What does this signify?

He justly instances "The Two Orphans" as a play of superb merit in plot and construction, but quite worthless as literature. Suppose we had been forced to make a diligent and exhaustive study of "The Two Orphans" in print (may God appoint us some other penance!) before seeing it for the first time in the theatre—would it then make the same impression upon us in the theatre? Would not its essential theatricality grin at us all through the performance, and forbid any enjoyment of its plot and structure?

Again, suppose that before reading the same play, we could gather to its first performance an entire audience of highly critical and cultivated persons on the intellectual level—say of Aristotle, Lessing, Saint-Beuve and Matthew Arnold—our selves being allowed a corner seat amongst them. Should we then enjoy it in the theatre?

Does not this signify that our enjoyment of such plays in the theatre depends wholly upon our being swamped in a general mass of uncultivated playgoers, and thereupon lending ourselves to be swayed with them in a good-natured panic of misplaced enthusiasm? Does it not also imply that to the extent the judgment of the constant playgoer is informed and enlarged and purified by reading plays, to that extent he will cease to enjoy in the theatre those plays which cannot also interest and satisfy him in the study?

It is therefore as a lever to the public taste that I continue to urge the diligent publication and searching study of modern plays. Will not playgoers who constantly apply the reading test to those plays that have captivated them in the theatre—will they not begin to ask themselves "Are these the things that we praised and applauded? Were we tickled by this? Did we melt into tears over that? Was it here we shook with laughter, and there, impostors to true fear, that we thrilled and quivered with suspense and alarm? Did we indeed cloy ourselves with all this cheap sugary sentiment, like good children debauching their greasy immature digestions with the sickly messes of a Sunday-school treat? Were we so thirsty for amusement that we greedily drank up this green mantle of stagnant idiocy, these gilded puddles of obscenity that beasts would have coughed at? Did we, the supervisors, grossly gape on, behold these monkey tricks and call them amusement? Are these the gibes and gambols and songs that last evening set the theatre in a roar, and now in the clear bright daylight are seen to be as empty of merriment as Yorick's skull—and smell so? Bah!"

The moment the great body of playgoers begin to read and examine current plays, that moment we shall take one great step towards a serious intellectual drama.

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Women Playwrights

(Continued from page 267)

lage and are familiar to both authors.

The old theory of associating an ungainly appearance and mannish ways with the woman who writes could be instantly refuted by friends of Genevieve Haines. Mrs. Haines, the wife of Robert T. Haines, the actor, is one of the most beautiful women in New York. After her marriage she was on the stage for a year, but the life was not to her liking and she decided to give her time to her writing. "Hearts Aflame," Mrs. Haines' first long play, was a success. Last winter "Once upon a Time," an artistic bit of dramatic work, failed from the religious nature of the subject. She has just completed a new play to be called "His Artistic Temperament."

Jane Mauldin Feigl, whose play "The Girl Patsy," was produced at the Savoy late last season, and is to be revived, was born in the cattle country of Texas. From early childhood she developed histrionic talents and wrote verse and editorials for the Southern press. Mrs. Feigl's newspaper training was of value in her dramatic



LUCY FRANCE PIERCE
Author of "The Children of Men," etc.

writings. Many of her characters are taken from the life and incidents of these years. Her first playwriting was inspired by Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" and the royalties made by that playwright. The play was entitled "To Err Is Human." A. M. Palmer negotiated for the piece, but decided that it was too much on the order of "Denise," to which the New York public had just given a prompt quietus. Mrs. Feigl then wrote an out-and-out laugh provoker called "A Paris Model," which found favor in Washington and on the road. After a number of years "Texas" was written. The story detailed many of the writer's early experiences, the scenes being located on Buckhead Ranch, where she was born and grew to womanhood.

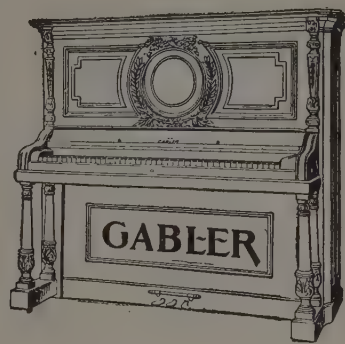
Another popular success of the spring months was Rida Johnson Young's "Brown of Harvard." Mrs. Young is the wife of James Young, actor and writer. She calls herself a "manufacturer of entertainment" rather than a playwright. For two years she was connected with a large music publishing house as lyricist, librettist and press writer and, having had so much to do with musical comedy, has fallen into the habit of looking at everything from the standpoint of getting "a laugh." She says she "concocted" "Brown of Harvard" before either of the other college plays were produced, but could not get a hearing for it until last fall. "Lord Byron," a more ambitious effort, was produced four years ago by James Young, who was successful in the title rôle. She has written a play for E. H. Sothorn with the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, as the central figure. Mr. Sothorn has accepted the play, but set no definite time for its production. Mary Mannering is to appear this fall in a new play by Mrs. Young entitled "Mistress Betty." Just now Mrs. Young is writing a play in collaboration with Mr. Belasco. She is a graduate of Wilson College and gets much of the fresh joyousness of college life into the atmosphere of her Harvard play.

About the same time that Miss Thompson and Mrs. Young saw their pieces on Broadway last spring, Walter Lawrence produced another ambitious play by a woman before this time unknown as a dramatist. "The Greater Love," por-

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traying the life of Mozart, was chosen by Ivy Ashton Root because of the ideality of the theme. The first writing of this play was made nearly ten years ago, and it was rewritten several times before it was finally produced at the Madison Square Theatre. It will open on the road in the fall. Mrs. Root is a Californian by birth. She came East several years ago to study, and says that she did what most Western girls vow they will not do, married an Eastern man. Mr. Root is a lawyer, practicing in New York City, and is the nephew of the Secretary of State. Mrs. Root was always fond of the stage, and as a very young girl dreamed of treading the boards. Finally her love for acting crystallized into the determination to write for it, and "The Greater Love" was the result. She is completing two new plays, dealing with modern American life.

Fewer women go into the field of light opera than would be supposed, though many of the lyrics of popular productions are written by women whose names do not appear. "Mexicana," the comic opera, which was seen at the Lyric Theatre, was written by Clara Driscoll in collaboration with Robert Smith. This was Miss Driscoll's first work in the dramatic line, though she is known by her novels and short stories dealing with life in southwestern Texas, which is her home.

Several actresses of distinction have written more or less successfully. Clara Lipman's "Julie Bonbon" gave opportunities for Louis Mann and Miss Lipman. Mrs. Fiske has written some remarkable little one-act plays that were put on with the delightful art that she inspires into anything she undertakes. "Richter's Wife," by Julia Herne, gave evidence of uncommon ability, which is doubtless inherited.

Lucy France Pierce, a talented young newspaper woman of Chicago, is also likely to be heard from. She has already had one play of serious purpose successfully produced out West and she has just completed another drama having Socialism for its theme, which several managers are anxious to secure. VIRGINIA FRAME.

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Plays and Pickles

The most instructive remembrance that can be recorded of Mary Anderson as an actress is that she made her public appeal and reared the noble fabric of her fame on *acting*. Much is heard, in these days, about "producing syndicates," and much is heard about actors who are running up and down the earth in quest of "something new." Mary Anderson was aware of the truth that *great acting is always new*, and she was content to choose the great parts in old drama, and to act them in a superb manner. The example should not be disregarded. A good new play is always welcome; but the dramatic literature already existent abounds in opportunity for the actor, and the vital need of our stage is, not more plays, but more and better *acting*. The "business" of "producing" plays is, intrinsically, of no more importance to the public than the business of producing pickles. There is no greater infliction at this time than the everlasting, sickening announcement that "So-and-So presents." Such a woman as Sarah Siddons, such a man as Edmund Kean, would liberate and impel awakening, inspiring and ennobling forces that might soon change the whole complexion of the American theatre, so heavily burdened with mediocrity, so cruelly oppressed with the spirit of trade. One such blaze of elemental power as that which made Mary Anderson glorious in the frenzy of Bianca, one such burst of colossal emotion as that which makes Richard Mansfield imperial and splendid in the tent-scene of Richard III, is worth a whole hecatomb of the paltry, jack-straw, tailor-made plays that are turned out, every hour, from the perpetual trash-mill of this shop-keeping time.—WILLIAM WINTER in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Francis Wilson Saves a Book

A fire broke out one day in Francis Wilson's dressing-room at the theatre where he was playing.

He had some of his books around him, and in an agony of despair he asked himself:

"Which shall I save?" He glanced at his precious Chaucer, at some Shakespearian volumes, when:

"Come, Mr. Wilson," broke in at the door from a fireman, "you have not a moment to lose."

"Yes, yes. Coming," replied Wilson, absently. He was looking for a special illuminated volume very dear to him.

"Come, Wilson," hoarsely cried his manager; "come, get out!"

"All right, all right," said Wilson, and, grabbing some clothes in one hand, he snatched with the other the nearest volume and ran to the street. There he looked at the huge volume in his arms. It was the city directory.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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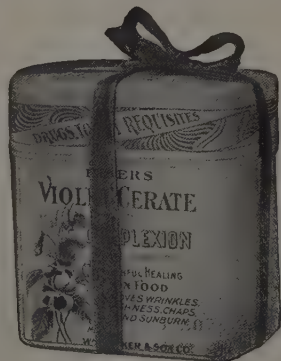
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WRINKLES

NOV.
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BLEMISHES

DEC.
PALLID
COMPLEXION

The Current Plays

(Continued from page 260.)

the ballet master, and none of those "effects" by means of which the stage manager fondly thinks he has immortalized himself. The author has some rights in this musical play and is not a lesser thing than the property man or the costumer or the electrician.

The play was a success under its original title of "My Wife's Husbands," and the compression for its present purposes has improved it. A woman has been divorced from three husbands, none having proved desirable, and is about to take a fourth who suits her. The father of her intended falls in love with her himself, having been won over after he has appeared on the scene with the purpose of breaking off the match. Complications set in at once. It is to her interest to conciliate all her husbands in the past tense and to keep undesirable knowledge of her past and present from those respectively concerned. The consequent happenings are diverting; the characters are definite and consistent.

It is the good fortune of Marie Cahill to have the opportunity of her life, which she would not have found perhaps in the disordered antics of the yellow drama as represented in the prevalent musical pieces. There is variety in unity. The caprices, perplexities and manoeuvres of the widow afford her new touches of demureness, sauciness and amusing affectation at every moment. Her humor lurks in her mouth with a hundred smiles, sits on her shoulder as she expresses doubt or reluctance with a shrug, or flutters in her fan as she hesitates or is agitated. It is partly good, intelligent acting and partly an irrepressible and instinctive spirit of fun. The woman who can play comedy, particularly of a farcical kind, is rare. Humor must necessarily be spontaneous. If there were too much art about it, or if the acting were in any way labored, the impression would fail. As it is Miss Cahill is charming more for her spiritual apprehension and expression than for physical grace. The acting is noteworthy generally. Eugene Cowles, as a Southern Colonel, the father of the intended fourth husband, who himself falls in love with the widow, can act as well as sing. It is a combination of qualities that always excites admiration and gratification.

MANHATTAN. "CLOTHES." Play by Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock. Produced Sept. 11 with this cast:

Richard Burbank, Robert T. Haines; Arnold West, Frank Worthing; John Gray, Charles Stanley; Horace Watling, A. H. Stuart; Thomas Smith, Jr., Douglas Fairbanks; Dean, Richard Wilson; Olivia, Sherwood, Grace George; Patience Augusta Fyles, Louise Closser; Mrs. Watling, Jennie A. Eustace; Mrs. Cathcart, Anne Sutherland; Mrs. Maxwell, Dorothy Revell; Mrs. Coningsby-Lowe, Diana Huneker; Alice, Angela Ogden.

The theme of this play, its idea and its material are full of possibilities. Neither the theme nor the story is entirely new, but the details and the individuals are. Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock have caught the dramatic elements of today's fevered society life. Their intent is good, their material true, but the play fails to continuously interest because of careless or, at least, inadequate construction. As a transcript of life it could not be better done, but drama is a question of form, of the arrangement of the material, and the technique is the final and absolute arbiter of value. Of what avail the minute touches of life, the handling of a billiard cue, the fondling of pet dogs, the groupings, the coming and going, the pouring out of tea, and the multitude of little things perfectly natural in themselves if the play itself lacks in form? The present play is not as interesting as it might be made. A girl is living in an atmosphere of false social display. She loves dress and goes into debt for the sake of finery. Her income has become reduced. Her mining shares are really valueless, but the lawyer who attends to her affairs conceals the facts from her and supplies her with money. He is not yet divorced from a wife whom he does not love, but he plans to possess himself of this girl. In what way? Drama requires definiteness. The audience must have something to work on if it is to hope and to fear and to watch with interest the development of events. He never has the slightest chance to win her. His proposal to make her his mistress is, from the dramatic point of view, as much a needless impertinence to the audience as it is an insult to her. She thrusts him away, and he falls down the steps headlong, having the good fortune of a drunken man not to be killed. She has just accepted a rich lover, but he immediately leaves her when the immoral suitor charges that she was about to marry him because she wanted money, not because she loved him. The butterfly's wings are surely broken now, the action is at an




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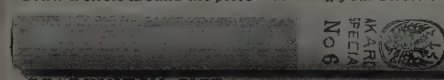
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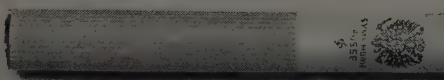
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end. Not at all. The last act is a scene between the lovers. He taps on her window and she opens it; seated on the windowsill they terminate their difficulties and seal the compact of love with the customary and appropriate demonstrations. It is plainly a story plot in spite of diverse and sometimes vigorous happenings. There is plenty of sentiment, but it is mainly static, and not dynamic. In stage management the play has applied to it all the resources of modern skill and detail. The scenic arrangements are perfect. There are scenes of momentary power or of comic force. Miss Grace George is exceedingly pleasing, and the cast is generally good. In all details of acting and production the play is admirable, but it is too mechanical, and yet lacks proper mechanism.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE MAN FROM NOW." Musical fantasy by John Kendrick Bangs and Vincent Bryan; music by Manuel Klein. Produced Sept. 3 with this cast:

Forecasts, Edward B. Martindell; Jack Raleigh, Walter Lawrence; John P. Pennypacker, Phil Branson; Eli Beasley, Gilbert Gregory; Steve Waffles, Harry Bulger; Samsonia, Helen Hale; Matricula, Hattie Arnold; Dora, Sallie Fisher; Electra, Marie Keller; Zeroine, Lucy Tonge; Comahn, Wm. Murphy; Gasolina, Helen Hale.

"The Man from Now" is a mirage from ten centuries hence. It is not a new idea or a brilliant one to project characters into the distant future. It is a convenient means of getting away from facts and to evade all responsibility to reason. Everything happens outside of the bailiwick and jurisdiction of common sense. Nor is there any uncommon sense about it. What Mr. Bangs and Mr. Vincent Bryan furnish is very cheap. We take it that they are not looking for any genuine laurel leaves in this matter, but that they are amply satisfied with the emoluments. There is a certain ingenuity, of course, in the making of a story that will, after any manner, hold so many incongruous things together. It is an entertainment, it is true, but as insubstantial as a dream.

But out of this froth and foam rises Helen Hale (Hale, Helen!), like her prototype born of the sea in the days of fable. She has not the stature for mythological dimensions, but she will do for here and now. It is entirely fair to give her distinction as being one of the few sane pleasures of the piece, for surely Mr. Bulger will not insist upon more than is justly due him, in comparison, when he chooses to appear as a kind of Hooligan, more specifically, Steve Waffles, "The Man from Now," a creature of the comic papers that never existed in life; whereas, Helen Hale is the woman of now, the woman that was and the woman that will be. She will appear a thousand years hence, in different form no doubt, and will always please. On the other hand, if the Weary Willies and the Steve Waffles had been interjected into a piece played on any stage one hundred years ago, it is difficult to conceive how audiences would have taken them. Will he continue to grow in grotesqueness? Will his diminutive hat get smaller, the check of his baggy trousers bigger? In life we shun him. In comic pictures and on the stage we embrace him. In real atmosphere he is familiar with the language of the growl of the dog; in stage atmosphere he gets the encouragement of applause. It is sufficient to say of the story of the play that it concerns the adventures of the men from Now in a College for Women in the land of the hereafter of one thousand years from now. A new turn is given to many old things. We have the rural sleuth, the wax works, and variations of other specialties. But everything is done with a vivacity of spirit that cannot be denied, and there is such an abundance of entertainment that "The Man from Now" will be liked. Its songs are taking, and Mr. Klein's music tuneful.

HACKETT'S. "THE LITTLE STRANGER." Farce in 3 acts by Michael Morton. Produced Aug. 27 with this cast:

General Allenby, Orlando Daly; Captain Dick Allenby, Athol Stewart; Sir George Peacock, A. G. Poulton; Alec Howard, Eric Blind; Tom Pennymann, Edward Garratt; Paul Vronsky, George E. Bellamy; Eames, Charles Gould; Mrs. Allenby, Kate Osborne; Mrs. Dick Allenby, Hilda Dick; Lady Peacock, Helen Robertson; Effie Peacock, May Blaney; Nurse, Dora Hole.

This English farce, successful in London, did not quite come up to the expectations formed of it here. It belongs properly to the category of freak plays, the "Little Stranger" of the title being a midget who is substituted for a baby. It is a pretty well ascertained principle among experienced dramatists that any set-up arrangement, any cut-and-dried series of happenings, is apt to be ineffective, and is not in the nature of the dramatic. It is necessarily mechanical, with the machinery too visible. As it is, there is but one situation. The baby, the substituted midget, playing his part consciously, first throws the nursemaid into fits by his preternatural sophisticated talk and demands. This is repeated with others of the family. But it is the same thing, with slight variations. Unquestionably some



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very amusing scenes are provided in this way. A baby that suddenly drinks whiskey sour, smokes cigars, and makes love to his mother, is surely something phenomenal on the stage as well as in life. The midget in real life is an importation from London, Edward Garratt. He answers the extraordinary purpose very well, but you would scarce expect one of his stature to appear in public on the stage and do anything very impressive.

The idea of the play and the use of a midget is curious, and that is about all. The idea of the play was taken, by permission, from Edward S. Van Zile's story of "Clarissa's Troublesome Baby."

HERALD SQUARE. "ABOUT TOWN." Musical review. Book by Joseph Herbert; music by Melville Ellis and Raymond Hubbell. Produced Aug. 30 with this cast:

Baron Blitz, Lew Fields; Duke of Slushington, Lawrence Grossmith; Laird O' Findon Haddock, Joseph Herbert; Bertie, Harry Fisher; Jack Doty, Jack Norworth; Marquis de Rectori, George Beban; Count Sherri, J. W. Herbert, Jr.; Viscount Martino, Vernon Castle; Julius, Little Major; Gertrude Gibson, Louise Dresser; Millie Bouncer, Coralie Blythe; Lottie Limejuice, Louise Allen Collier; Mrs. Frivol, Elita Proctor Otis; Fannie Frivol, Edna Wallace Hopper.

In his new piece Lew Fields has given us that quality and particular form of humor that we always expect from him, and something more. This must always be. The exactions of the public are not easy to meet. A popular actor can not be entirely different from what he was. The public always demands more, but not the same. In spectacle, music, song and dance, and an infinite variety in effects, "About Town" has ample entertainment. It is the same old kaleidoscope, but it has figures and combinations not seen before. The story is of less consequence than the details, more or less connected with it. The story is held together by the Gibson Girl. The Gibson Girl looms and lasts till the last flicker of the calcium lights as a large and beautiful fact. Louise Dresser carries the part with an air of easy triumph. Lew Fields has his scenes, of course. He appears first as the owner and driver of a cab drawn by one of those dilapidated, but extremely intelligent and comical horses that exist on the stage only, horses with expressive ears, and with unusual functions fore and aft. Mr. Fields has a comical card game, an episode in which the stage world of the moment is all his. Elita Proctor Otis, capable in every line of acting, gives full proof of her versatility with song and dance as a stage "mommer." Edna Wallace Hopper finds full employment for her vivacity, while Louise Allen Collier and Coralie Blythe have their opportunities. One new effect in ballet is the altercation between the Showgirls and the French wives. The girls dance on in a flash of color and youth followed by the wives, demure in look and dress. In the clash all are stripped of their flimsy outer dress. It is daring, not indelicate, and effective.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE TWO MR. WETHERBYS." Play in 3 acts by St. John Rankin. Produced August 23 with this cast:

James Wetherby, Hall McAllister; Richard Wetherby, William F. Hawtre; Robert Carne, St. Clair Bayfield; Constantia, May Tully; Margaret, Mabel Cameron; Aunt Clara, Kate Denin Wilson; Jane, Nell Daube.

This English comedy introduced William Hawtre, who proved to be an actor of uncommon naturalness as well as of skill. He is perhaps given to over elaboration, but this is a merit in view of the opposite fault so prevalent of crudity. The play is well fashioned, and pursues its theme closely and holds more closely to the matter in hand than is the present tendency in plays. In other words, it has less episode, but it is none the less full of variety. Two brothers have had different experiences with their wives. The older brother (Mr. Hawtre) has pretended to no character, and has permitted his wife to take her own view of his conduct. He is not bad, but he is independent. He has not given an inch to sentiment. The result is that he is separated from his wife, meeting her once a year by agreement. The younger brother has attempted to hold his wife's affections by pretending to be better than he is, although he is not bad. He has to live a life of privation and pretense. His brother persuades him to assert his independence. His wife prepares to leave him; but it is plain that she loves him, and she is made to realize that she has been too exacting. The exacting wife of the older brother is also made to understand that she must take a common sense view of life and men in order to regain her husband. The play is exceedingly clever in working out every detail of its material. The prosperity of this play throughout the country would be a reassuring proof that we are not given over to triviality in the art of acting and playwriting. The play itself is slight, but in the particulars indicated it is estimable.

MAJESTIC. "THE TOURISTS." Musical comedy in 2 acts by R. H. Burnside and Gustave Kerker. Produced August 25 with this cast:

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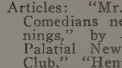
JANUARY



The colored cover:

MARGARET ANGLIN as Zira.
Portraits of William Gillette, Sarah Bernhardt, Henrietta Crossman, Olga Nethersole; Ethel and John Barrymore, Ruth Vincent, Grace George, Emma Eames, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Toast of the Town," "Girl of the Golden West," "The Lion and the Mouse," etc.
Articles: "A Visit to Maurice Maeterlinck," "Interview with Grace George," "Why I Wrote the Clansman," "Shakespeare Forgeries."

The colored cover:
MAUDE ADAMS as Peter Pan.
Portraits of E. S. Willard, Fritz Scheff, Yvette Guilbert, Lionel Barrymore, Ida Conquest, Van Roy, David Bispham, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Julie Bonbon," "Mlle. Modiste," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," etc., etc.
Articles: "Mr. Coquelin's House of Comedians near Paris," "My Beginnings," by David Warfield; "The Palatial New Home of the Lambs Club," "Henry Irving's Treasures."



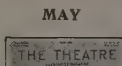
MARCH



The colored cover:

CLARA LIPMAN as Julie Bonbon.
Portraits of Theodore Roberts, Ellis Jeffreys, Frank Worthing, Robert Lorraine, Dallas Welford, Kitty Gordon, Carrie Reynolds, Bessie Abbott, Isabel Irving, Caruso, etc., etc.
Scenes from "Mr. Hopkinson," "The Duel," "The Little Gray Lady," etc.
Articles: "The Centenary of Edwin Forrest," "Interview with Robert Lorraine," "Ludwig Fulda," "Stage History of Famous Plays," "Camille."

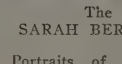
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ROBERT LORAIN as King Edward.
Portraits of Francis Wilson, Lawrence D'Orsay, Bronson Howard, Sarah Truax, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, etc.
Scenes from "The Embassy Ball," "Brown of Harvard," etc., etc.
Articles: "An Interview with Eleanor Duse," "How Vaudeville Sketches Are Written," "Bronson Howard, Dean of American Dramatists," "My Beginnings," by Viola Allen; "Henry De Vries and His Art."



MAY

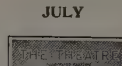
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FRTZI SCHEFF in Mlle. Modiste.
Portraits of Otis Skinner, Florence Roberts, Blanche Bates, N. C. Goodwin, Ethel Barrymore, J. E. Dodson, Grace George, etc., etc.
Scenes from "The Social Whirl," "The Prince of India," "The Social Whirl," etc.
Articles: "How Sardou Writes His Plays," "Where Shakespeare Set His Stage, Julius Caesar," "Interview with Fritz Scheff," "The Historic Weimar Theatre," "My Beginnings," by Otis Skinner.



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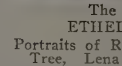
SARAH BERNHARDT as the Sorcereress.
Portraits of Eleanor Robson, Mrs. Fiske, Amelia Bingham, Wm. J. Kelly, Florence Roberts, Annie Irish, Maude Adams, etc.
Scenes from "The Free Lance," "The Mountain Climber," "The Social Whirl," etc.
Articles: "Frank Mayo, Man and Artist," "Interview with Florence Roberts," "A Chat with Charles Klein, Author of 'The Lion and the Mouse'."



JULY

The colored cover:

RICHARD MANSFIELD as Beau Brummel.
Portraits of Louis James, Frances Starr, Mary Van Buren, Henry Woodruff, Florence Rockwell, Ruth St. Denis, etc.
Scenes from "The Stolen Story," "The Embarrassment of Riches," "Agamemnon" at Harvard.
Articles: "The Marnette Shows of Little Italy," "Henrik Ibsen, His Plays and His Philosophy," "My Beginnings," by Robert Edeson.



The colored cover:

ETIEL BARRYMORE.
Portraits of Robert Mantell, Beerbohm Tree, Lena Ashwell, Mr. Irving, Marion Terry, Tyrone Power, Henry Dixey, Orrin Johnson, Effie Shannon, Margaret Anglin, Edna May, etc.
Scenes from "The Shulamite," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tourists," etc.
Articles: "The New Theatre and Some Old Ones," "Some Actors I Have Known," "The Problem of the Playwright," "Interview with Mr. Crane."

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John Duke, Alfred Hickman; Timothy Dodd, Richard Golden; Benjamin Blossom, Phil. H. Ryley; Gopal Singh, William Pruette; Askeema, Fred Frear; Noorin, Howard Chambers; Ram Dow, Alfred Cahill; Dora, Julia Sanderson; Caroline, Anna C. Wilson; Katherine, Mabel Wilbur; Dorothy, Edna Chase.

If we said that this musical extravaganza was superior as entertainment to the thousand and one pieces of its kind with which the amusement seeking public is furnished each season, we should be stating something which was not strictly true. It is no better; neither is it any worse. It is merely on the same dead level of conventional mediocrity. Some of these "musical" concoctions are so execrably bad that we become filled with a desire to throw things at the stage; others are less stupid and "The Tourists" belongs to this favored category. Mr. Burnside's book, if not a masterpiece, is mildly amusing and free from vulgarity, and Mr. Kerker's music is often tuneful. Yet at best it is all pretty thin, and one finds one's self yawning long before the first act is over. It goes without saying that the piece is full of the tomfoolery that never fails nowadays to raise the vacuous laughter of the empty headed. It is useless, it seems, to bewail the fact that only a few years ago there were writers competent to furnish the stage with operettas that were works of art—clever in book, brilliant in lyrics, delightful in music. The refined art of Gilbert and Sullivan, we are told, would not appeal at all to-day. The American "bouncer," who, according to the managers, is the only patron of this kind of performance, wants horse play and stale gags. The managers may be right, but we think they are wrong. "The Tourists," as we have said, is by no means the worst of its class. There is an attempt at a plot, and Mr. Kerker has written some music that lingers in the ear. The weakness of the performance lies in the fact that there are practically no voices. Miss Julia Sanderson lacks the voice necessary for the important rôle she plays, and William Pruette, who is a fine singer, is not given any song worthy of his ability. Richard Golden is droll as an elderly tutor, addicted to the bottle, and Alfred Hickman wears smart clothes as a young man making a tour of the world.

LIBERTY. "THE DEAR UNFAIR SEX." Comedy in 4 acts by Inglis Allen. Produced Sept. 10 with this cast:

Haviland Brooke, Charles Cartwright; Jim Melville, Gerald Lawrence; Captain Glenister, Charles Giddens; Mr. Jalland, Herbert Standing; Dr. Plant, Charles Meekins; Harry Duveen, Herbert Sleath; Mrs. Brooke, Ellis Jeffreys; Mrs. Glenister, Hattie Russell; Rosie Duveen, Nellie Malcolm; Miss Brooke, Janet Sothorn.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys is an exceptionally handsome English woman of aristocratic type and high-bred manner, who made a distinctly favorable impression on the occasion of her debut in America a year ago in "The Prince Consort." The play itself failed to please, but the actress was well liked, and a desire was expressed on all sides that she might return to New York with a better piece. Miss Jeffreys has not yet revealed in her work any unusual powers, either in comedy or emotional acting. Women who are notable for their beauty rarely succeed in reaching the heights of intellectual acting, but there is little doubt that in a light comedy, affording opportunity for her limited gifts, Miss Jeffreys would be popular in this country. Her present vehicle "The Dear Unfair Sex" will hardly do. Its theatrical tricks are stale and it lacks interest throughout. We give the cast here merely for sake of record.

WEBER'S "LADY JIM." Comedy in 3 acts by Harold Heaton. Produced Aug. 28 with this cast:

Lieut. Geoffrey Northrup, Herbert Percé; Major Carlington, Charles Harbury; Lord Cecil Almy, Lionel Walsh; Basil, Fred C. Patterson; Winifred Granville, Antoinette Perry; Mme. Mattison-Jones, Lella Kerton; Marie, Florence Connon; Lady Jemima Wilson, Hilda Spong.

As this comedy proved a failure, it is not necessary to go into any detail concerning it. Briefly, Lady Jemima Wilson, seeking truth on behalf of a niece engaged to a man of the world, goes to the latter's rooms and gets herself into an embarrassing scrape, which is made the more awkward by the niece's determination to accept nothing but the whole truth. The idea *per se* is not bad, but the weakness lay in the fact that the author had treated as high comedy what was essentially a farcical situation. Anyhow, the piece fell entirely flat, and not even the acting of Hilda Spong and a capable cast was able to redeem it.

WALLACK'S. "THE JUDGE AND THE JURY." Play in 4 acts by Harry D. Cottrell and Oliver Morosco. Produced Sept. 1.

About this piece the less said the better. A puerile imitation of "The Squaw Man," how ever it was permitted to get on the historic boards of Wallack's is a mystery. A more amateurish effort has probably never been seen on the stage of a first-class house. The plot is childish in the extreme, and we could feel nothing but sympathy for Miss Conquest, Mr. Hale and other competent players who appeared in the cast.

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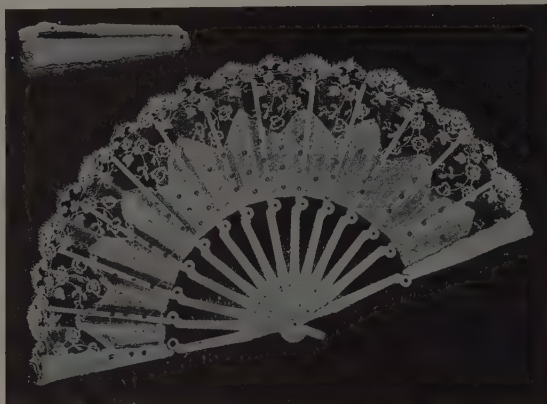


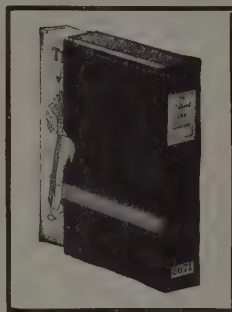
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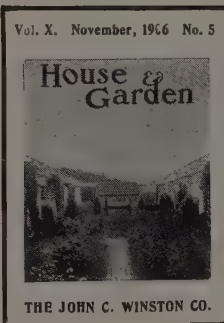
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Some Recent Books

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. By Charles Klein. A Story of American Life Novelized from the Play by Arthur Hornblow. Illustrations by Stuart Travis. G. W. Dillingham, New York, 1906.

The form of the novel, as that of the drama, has its rights and its charms. That French dramatists often write a novel with a view to its stage use in a dramatization by themselves is a practice founded in sound reason. Either form has its advantages, breadth of its own as well as limitations of its own. Either, in printed form, will lack something that the other possesses. The novel brings you closer to the author, while the drama is wholly objective. The story of "The Lion and the Mouse," as devised by Mr. Charles Klein, deserves a place at the fireside and under the evening lamp. Mr. Arthur Hornblow has given the story its new existence, and he has done his work well. The ordinary novelization of a play is almost invariably a commercial venture, the story and the dialogue being followed too closely to permit of that latitude in writing that the novelist should have. Mr. Hornblow has exercised his particular art with discretion. The novel will provide a new and additional enjoyment for those who have witnessed the play and found delight in it. The exigencies of the stage require, at times, connective scenes and incidental characters that would interfere with the orderly action of a novel. The eliminations and the additions that the novelist has made are the result of an admirable appreciation of the needs of a translation from one form to the other. This is all done without the loss of any essential particle. The entire philosophy and all the dramatic action of the play are preserved. The romanticism of modern life, which is a very different thing from the romanticism of imaginative sentimentalism, as embodied in the love between Judge Rossmore's daughter and the son of the multi-millionaire, is newly set forth, and a turn is thereby given to the element of love which distinguishes this novel from many others on the hard subject of money. Most writers labor too hard with their theme. They argue too persistently. "The Lion and the Mouse" is a model as a play, and the novel can stand on its own qualities in conveying the story and its philosophy without affectation of polemics and with simplicity.

MARCELLE. A play in four acts. By Wilibert Davis and Claudia Brannon. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

The unwisest thing that the author of a play, ambitious for the stage, can do is to publish his play before it is performed. An acting play properly belongs to an audience and loses much of its value and all of its natural rights in the hands of the mere reader. The coincidence that nearly all plays that are published in advance of a hoped for production never reach the stage is significant. Publication would not necessarily prevent production, but publication does not and cannot take the place of production in any sense. On the other hand, the question whether a play would succeed or not in the acting, contrary to the opinion of some unknowing people, does not have to wait on the curtain rising on it. It is not a matter of blind chance. A play is or is not a play, before it is acted. The effectiveness of a few scenes, here and there, and the certainty that they would act well do not make a play. It requires the professional touch for a play, and that is lacking here. It is a revolutionary story and concerns Major André and Benedict Arnold. Marcelle is in love with André and dies by his sword, in a scene that is somewhat forced, ultra romantic and over sentimental. The death of Arnold in his garret in London is also intended for pathos. This material has often been tried. No successful play has ever been made out of it.

A PREMATURE SOCIALIST. A comedy in three acts. By Mary Ives Todd. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

This is a dramatization of a story by Ouida. The material has all the brilliant and logical qualities of Ouida's later style. While the dramatization is without professional skill, the dialogue, as dialogue, is interesting and constantly reminds one of George Bernard Shaw. It abounds in ideas and is worth the reading, but it is doubtful if it would have value as an acting play for a stage. W. T. P.

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Books Received

"The Saint," a novel by Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," a novel by Margaret Deland. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers.
"The Tides of Barnegat," a novel by F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated. New York: Scribner Sons.

The Theatre Everywhere

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Akron, Ohio, Sept. 7.—The new Colonial is now under new management. Mr. Guggenheim, sole owner, bought Mr. Ries' interests. The season opened August 20 by Fields' Minstrels to a capacity house. The bookings insure the best Akron has ever had. T. Albaugh is rebuilding the Grand, destroyed by fire in 1901. It has been S. R. O. at the Casino all season. A new \$15,000 Casino for 1907 is now assured. W. R. SNYDER.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The first regular high-class attraction of the season at Harmanus Bleeker Hall was "It Happened in Nordland" on Sept. 8. On Sept. 10 Manager Jacobs presented Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller in Prof. William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide." It is an unusual combination of melodrama and psychology and is interesting. De Wolf Hopper cavorted through "Happyland" and "Wang" on Sept. 11 and 12, to the delight of his admirers. Later we will see that old favorite "Babes in Toyland," and Henry Dixey in "The Man on the Box." Proctor's fall season opened on Labor Day with a fine bill. WM. H. HASKELL.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 8.—Master Gabriel will be seen at Ford's in "Little Jack Horner," as will also Blanche Ring in "Dolly Dollars." George Cohan will return in "Little Johnny Jones," and Dustin Farnum will be seen in "The Virginian." Raymond Hitchcock will be seen here in "The Galloper." The Academy opens Sept. 10 with "Man and His Angel." "Mizpah," with Elizabeth Kennedy, will play at this house week of September 17. The Auditorium continues to be well patronized. HARRY A. JAECKSCH.

Bay City, Mich., Sept. 8.—The following shows have appeared at the Washington Theatre since its opening: "My Wife's Family," Aug. 26; "The Clay Bakers," Aug. 27; "Mummy and the Humming Bird," Sept. 1; "As Told in the Hills," Sept. 2; "Marriage of Kitty," Sept. 3; "Sign of the Cross," Sept. 5; and "Piff, Paff, Pout," Sept. 6. All played to fair business. The Alvarado, a beautiful new vaudeville house, managed by Sam Marks, opened Sept. 2, and all week has played to good business. WILL J. MOZEALONS.

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 8.—Smith's theatre opened its 10th season August 18 with Lew Dockstader's minstrels. Popular price melodrama has held the boards since the opening, awaiting cooler weather and the starting out of the higher class attractions. The Kollicking Girl and "The Vanderbilt Cup" are among the earlier bookings. Paul's theatre opened its vaudeville season Labor Day. The foundation for the new playhouse, "The Bridgeport," is completed, but for some unforeseen reason nothing is being put upon the foundation. ROBERT M. SPERRY.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—"The Free Lance," with Joseph Cawthorn, was given its first Buffalo performance at the Star. The piece went gaily from beginning to end. "The Greater Love," the play with which Aubrey Bouicault and his company opened the season at the Lyric Theatre, formerly the Lyceum Theatre, was well received. George M. Cohan's new American play, as he calls it, "Popularity," made a pronounced hit here at the Star Theatre. "Popularity" as a play is almost in a class by itself, but may be called a romantic comedy with melodramatic features. ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Sept. 7.—The new season at Greene's Opera House is in full swing. After a week or two of repertoire, James Kyrle MacCurdy in "The Old Clothes Man," opened the season proper. Mr. MacCurdy received a very warm welcome. David Higgins made a big hit in "His Last Dollar," and was well supported, especially by Eleanor Montell. Frank Beamish in "A Stranger in Town" played to a poor audience because he is not known here, but he made an emphatic hit in a cleverly handled farcical role. L. H. MITCHELL.

Charleston, S. C., Sept. 10.—At the Academy of Music, Charleston's only theatre, the season is now well under way. On Sept. 3 Fred Weiss' "Foxy Grandpa," headed by Earl Mitchell, opened to a good audience. On Sept. 6 Tim Murphy and Dorothy Sherrod delighted a good house with a revival of "Old Innocence." On Wednesday and Thursday Kane Kennark is to appear in Clyde Fitch's "The Toast of the Town," and on Saturday of next week Sam Chip and Mary Marble are booked in "Wonderland." Manager Matthews has engaged Carl Metz's orchestra for the season, insuring the excellence of this important feature. T. GLOVER ALSTON.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 8.—Murray and Mack opened the Academy last evening and played to standing room. The play "Around the Town" was well received. Mr. O. V. Kessler, our new local manager, has a good list of high-class attractions to present to the Academy patrons during the coming season. Mr. "Jake" Wells, the well-known theatrical manager of Richmond, Va., has taken a lease on the Academy beginning next September. GEORGE L. VAN ECHOP.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—The new season opened most auspiciously at the Garrick on Aug. 26 with the premiere of Edward Peple's melodrama, "The Love Route." It was received with the utmost favor and may be reckoned a distinct success. It is a vigorous, absorbing story of ranch life in Texas, and deals with the fight of a frontier girl with the railroad octopus. The girl is capably portrayed by Odette Tyler, and the original supporting company included William Courtenay, Frank Roberts, Herbert Ayling and Olive May. On the following night Jesse Lynch Williams' drama of newspaper life, "The Stolen Story," opened at the Studebaker. It was received with enthusiasm, and the critics of the press united in declaring it an indubitable hit. The cast is headed by Jameson Lee Cliney and Dorothy Tennant. Business has been excellent. "Mizpah," the poetical paraphrase of the Book of Esther, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Lucombe Searelle, is in its second and last week at McVicker's. It is a well-staged series of tableaux, slow and ponderous in action, yet built in a reverential spirit and acted with dignity. Elizabeth Kennedy essays the rôle of Esther with a certain crude force, with grace and understanding. The policy of the Chicago Opera House was changed yesterday with the inaugural performance given by a permanent stock company to be known as the Chicago Opera House Dramatic Company.

The company is an excellent one, headed by William Bramwell and Katherine Grey. Only pronounced successes of the highest grade will be presented.

F. FRANCE PIERCE.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 8.—The season opened at the Chattanooga Opera House with the usual repertoire of melodramas by a stock company. Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" appeared on Aug. 31, and Al. Fields' Minstrels on Sept. 6. A season of unusual excellence is promised. Well's new Bijou Theatre will open Oct. 1, and the Shubert Theatre about Nov. 1. Both playhouses are beautiful buildings, both externally and internally, and are convenient and up-to-date in every respect. A. F. HARLOW.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 6.—The ironwork on the new Hippodrome is now progressing nicely, and Manager Faetkenheuer hopes to open on or about Jan. 1. Dockstader's Minstrels opened the season at the Opera House, followed by John E. Henshaw in "Capt. Careless." Both drew good houses and were well received. Laura Nelson Hall and company are still at the Colonial. They will close next week, and the theatre will be turned over to the Independents. Vaughan Glaser continues to be a favorite at the Euclid Ave. Gardens and will probably stay until driven out by bad weather. J. A. WATTERSON.

Decatur, Ill., Sept. 6.—"The Cow Boy Girl" played at the Grand Opera House, August 25, to a good house. "The King of Tramps," September 1, drew a fair house. "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," September 5, had a good house, the cast was good and Miss Edna Earlie

the season on Aug. 20 with Al. G. Fields' Minstrels; 24th and 25th, Buster Brown Company; 28th, Yorke and Adams, "Bankers and Brokers"; 30th, "The Arrival of Kitty"; Sept. 1, "Gay New York"; 3d, "My Wife's Family"; 6th, "The Yankee Consul"; 5th, "We are Kings"; 8th, "What Happened to Jones"; 7th and 8th, "The Lion and the Mouse." The people under the capable manager William A. Lang with vaudeville with well-known people. DANIEL S. HANLEY.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 10.—Business has been good with all the playhouses the past month. However, the theatrical season proper is just getting under way fully. The Wayne Stock Company, under the personal management of Robert Wayne, held forth at the Grand. This excellent stock company presented high class comedies and dramas and enjoyed good business. The lover of melodrama has been pleased with the Sunday night thrillers at the People's. The Bijou has been presenting a fine line of vaudeville acts. This house is now under the equal management of George Sellinger and Jack Kopke, the latter having purchased an interest. ROBERT L. ODELL.

Findlay, O., Sept. 12.—The new Majestic, just finished at a cost of \$50,000, was opened Aug. 24 with "The Empire" as the attraction. A large audience witnessed the production, which made a big hit, the music being very tuneful and catchy. "Her Only Sin," Aug. 25; Crocker's Educated Horses, 27th; "Count and Convict," 30th; "Rufus Rastus," Sept. 15th, and "Devil's Auction," Sept. 5th, all drew fair houses. "The Yankee Consul" played to S. R. O. on the 7th. The Majestic has been leased by the well-known theatrical firm of T. & Edson, of Toledo, and will be under the management of Lynn H. Nichols. It is one of the prettiest playhouses in Ohio, and while the extremely hot weather has interfered somewhat with the attendance, with cooler evenings at hand the house is destined to become very popular. At the Grand the same large crowds which have characterized the house all summer are still apparent. A. E. EOFF.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Sept. 1.—August was opened by Lincoln J. Carter's "Too Proud to Beg," Aug. 4, and pleased two packed houses, matinee and night. The Ferris Comedians opened week stand Aug. 8 and did fair business. "The Umpire," played here Aug. 28, delighted a packed house. Fred, Mace, as the Umpire, was very highly appreciated by the audience. ALFRED FEIN.

Goshen, Ind., Sept. 11.—The second annual season at the Jefferson opened Aug. 22, when Julia Gray presented "Her Only Sin." In the way of preliminary early fall attractions "Uncle Josh Sprucey," "Hans and Nix," "Lost in New York," "As Told in the Hills," "Devil's Auction," "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," and "What Happened to Jones," have been offered. Among the prominent stars to come are Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak," Maude Fealy in "The Illusions of Beatrice," Modjeska, Corinne in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," and Adelaide Thurston in "The Girl from Out Yonder." At the Irwin continuous vaudeville has become a fixed habit, and the theatre is doing a large business. George Kratz has been named as manager of the Jefferson to succeed Louis B. Noble. WILLIAM V. FINK.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 8.—Sept. 7 marks the opening of the Grand Rapids Theatrical season. On this date Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" appeared at Powers' Opera House. On Sept. 13 Lillian Russell appears at the same theatre in her first performance of "Barbara's Millions." The Majestic, playing popular-priced attractions, has opened to as good an attendance as the extremely warm weather would warrant. J. FRANK QUINN.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 10.—At Parsons' Theatre Nance O'Neil came Sept. 3 and 4 and presented "Macbeth" and "Elizabeth, Queen of England." Miss O'Neil was good, but her support was unsatisfactory. Felix Haney came Sept. 5 and presented "When the Harvest Days Are Over" to well pleased audiences. Mmc. Kenny Lipzin, the Yiddish Tragedienne, in "Gitele," held the boards Sept. 7, and Frank Daniels returned on the 8th in "Sergeant Brue" to big business. The Hartford Opera House opened its season with "At the Old Cross Roads." Poli's began its regular vaudeville season August 27 and as usual the bills and attendance have been excellent. WOODWARD BARRETT.

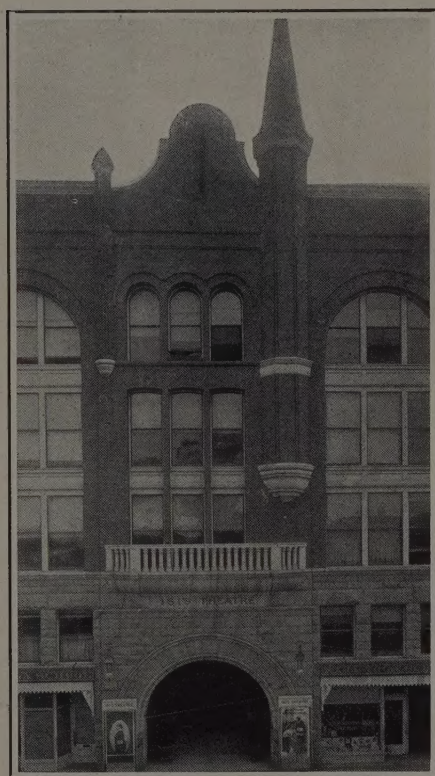
Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 6.—Kirk Brown, supported by Marguerite Fields and company, appeared at the Grand Opera House the week of August 27, and such plays as "The Eternal City," "The Cherry Pickers," "A Gentleman of France" and "The Christian," were greatly enjoyed. Eva Tanguay gave a good performance of "A Good Fellow" at the Grand. "The Dairy Farm" was another attraction that was well received and seemed to please everybody. W. H. GREEN.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 1.—The Century Theatre, leased by Ehrlich Bros. & Coleman, has been placed under the local management of C. S. Marshall. The Century will open with the prospect of good houses for the season. Their bookings ahead show an unusually strong line of attractions. These guarantee many packed houses. C. R. YOUNG.

Janesville, Wis., Sept. 4.—The month of August was the close of the theatrical season of 1905-06 in this city. It has been one of many high class attractions, and Manager L. Myers, of Myers' Grand Opera House, has booked some of the very best for 1906-07. The "Old Clothes Man," the 15th, gave satisfaction. Wm. Owen in "Romeo and Juliet," the 23rd, was well received, and the Lyman Twins in "The Hustlers," played two engagements, Aug. 27 and 29, and drew good-sized audiences. H. B. FIFIELD.

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 10.—Cahn and Grant opened the Opera House about the middle of August with Primrose's Minstrels. Shortly before this event Mr. Grant, who was one of the best known and most popular men in the city, died at Old Orchard Beach, Me. Business is still carried on under the old firm name, however. Andrew Mack drew a large house, but since his appearance stock companies have held the boards. The entrance to the theatre has been remodeled and presents a fine appearance. The Colonial opened with vaudeville and promises to have a very successful season. J. M.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 5.—Manager Scott's preliminary season of repertory companies met with deserved success. The Harris-Parkinson Co. closed a week's engagement on the 1st to big business. The J. R. Smith Murray Comedy Co. played five nights and matinees to capaci-



ISIS THEATRE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Lindon was well received. "A Thorough Tramp," September 6, played to fair house. The Bijou Theatre is now open and is giving two vaudeville performances daily instead of three as last year. R. E. BURKE.

Denver, Col., Sept. 5.—The summer season just ending here has been satisfactory in every way. At Elitch's Gardens we have seen the Bellows Stock Company in a number of interesting plays. At Manhattan Beach the Augustin Daly Musical Comedy Company sang "San Toy," "Cingalee," "The Silver Slipper," "Florodora," and other favorites. The Broadway opens its regular season Sept. 10 with Jane Corcoran in "The Freedom of Susanne." C. CYRIL CROKE.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 1.—The managers of all the local theatres here are wroth with the Board of Public Works because this body has ordered closed four of the seven theatres now running. Another blow comes in the form of Fay Templeton cancelling her engagement for the last week of August. In her stead came a cheap rural play. The Grand and Auditorium presented their usual melodramas which seemed more unbearable than ever, and all this while the city was filled with thousands of State Fair guests. H. P. W.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 6.—Duluth theatregoers had the pleasure of being the first to see Chauncey Olcott's new play, "Aileen Ashmore," and when the curtain rose for the first time there was not a vacant seat in the house. "Aileen Ashmore," meaning Aileen my Treasure, is an Irish melodrama by Theodore Burt Sayre. It is a romance of the days of Robert Emmett and the revolution of Ireland. The cast includes Florence Lester, Geo. A. Lessey, R. J. Dillon and others. The Stewart Opera Company was here for a week and pleased with "The Two Roses," "Dorothy" and "Babette." Wm. H. West's Minstrels drew a large audience and pleased. The Maid and the Mummy occupied the boards Labor Day. This was the first musical of the season and did not draw very well. E. F. FURRER.

Erie, Pa., Sept. 10.—The Park Opera House, under the local management of the genial John L. Gilson, opened



J. W. DODGE
Mgr. Isis Theatre,
San Diego, Cal.

ty patronage, opening on the 3rd with "Nature's Nobleman." On the 6th Murray gave way to Al. G. Field's Minstrels which brought out the S. K. O. sign from its last season's retirement. Every indication points to immense attendance at the big Blue Grass Fair, Lexington, Ky., Sept. 17 to 22. J. F. A.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 10.—Macauley's opened the season with Al. G. Field's Minstrels and drew splendid houses. The next attractions booked are Richard Carle's "Mayor of Tokio" for one week, and Nat C. Goodwin, also for a week. The Masonic opened with "The Hall-Room Boys," musical comedy, absolutely no plot and very little good music. "The Hall-Room Boys" was followed by "Behind the Mask," which drew fair crowds. The next attraction booked is "The Yankee Consul." Hopkins opened its season with a good olio. EDWARD EPSTEIN.

Hanover City, Pa., Sept. 3.—Woodland Park Theatre has provided excellent programs to its patrons during the last month, and the attendance at this popular resort has been very large. Among the many entertainers of prominence in August were Harry Le Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and company in comedy sketches; Lillian Le Roy, Edgar Foreman and company, Stein Erretto troupe of acrobats, and Roatino and Stevens in "The Wistaria Bower." The season will close the latter part of September. SYLVIAN R. LIVINGSTONE.

Marshalltown, Ia., Sept. 11.—The remodeled Odeon opened the regular season early in August, and excellent business has prevailed in the past month. The early attractions have been "For Her Sake," "The Eye Witness," "The Flamming Arrow," "For Her Sake," dramatic version of "Parsifal," and Wm. H. West's Minstrels were well received. The Busby Bros. have also opened the Colonial Theatre at Grinnell, which they recently acquired. JOS. WHITACRE.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 7.—The Bijou Theatre opened its season with "A Mad Love" on August 27, followed by "A Wife's Secret." East End Park has billed the best vaudeville act whole ever seen here for a continuous season, and the attendance has been in keeping with the quality of the shows. At Fairland Park, the Snow Stock Company has produced such plays as "Sappho," "Dora Thorne" and "Audrey" very successfully. EDW. F. GOLDSMITH.

Middletown, Conn., Sept. 10.—The Middlesex Theatre was opened for the season on Tuesday evening, August 28; the opening attraction was "At the Old Cross Roads," which drew a good house. On August 31, Miss Rose Stahl gave pleasure to a large audience in James Forbes four-act comedy "The Chorus Lady." Among the best of attractions that have been booked so far are "Nance, O'Neil," "The Squaw Man," "The College Widow," "The Lion and the Mouse" and others of their class. C. B. HALSEY.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 7.—"The Time, the Place, and the Girl" was tried on the dog here at the opening of the Alhambra Theatre and proved successful. Mr. Mart H. Singer has arranged a considerable time in working up this catchy comedy, and with the help of Georgia Drew Mendum, Florence Holbrook, Cecil Lean, Thomas Cameron and Arthur Sanders he has succeeded. The scene is laid in the mountains, a sanitarium and hotel, near the historic spot where Capt. John Smith was supposed to have been saved by Pocahontas. "The Maid and the Minstrel" followed with Fred Warren at the head. This likewise was received well. "The Tenderfoot" is now holding sway. The Davidson opened with Hobart and Sloane's "Coming thro' the Rye," while at the Bijou Owen Davis' melodrama, "At the World's Mercy," proved a strong card for the house. C. W. HEAFFORD.

Minneapolis, Sept. 6.—Daniel Frawley, with a capable company, is in control of the drama at the Lyceum. They have done well since the opening, Sept. 3, with "Blackstock Hays." Next week, "Lord and Lady Algy" will be produced. It is to be hoped the Minneapolis playgoers of the better class will discover the boon that Mr. Frawley's coming has conferred on the city. As a producer and an actor he should be welcomed with open arms by the intelligent, as well as by the ordinary playgoer. The Metropolitan has been playing to capacity with Chauncey Olcott in "The Message from an Angel" (fair week). Louis James, "Man and Superman," "The College Widow," "The Lion and the Mouse," Fay Templeton and "The Free Lance" are booked. The Bijou has been duplicating its record with "In Old Kentucky." The Orpheum is successfully catering to its patrons. Dr. Richard Burton, the lecturer and professor of literature at the University, will criticize local productions in the Bellman. Dr. Burton is the dramatist who wrote "Rahab." The chances of seeing independent attractions are growing dimmer and dimmer. Every approach is barred and bolted. JACOB WILK.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 4.—We are now at the beginning of the theatrical season in our city. By the middle of the month all the theatres will be in full bloom. Work is being rapidly done on the Shuberts' Theatre, the Baldwin Melville's Theatre, and on Brooks' Casino. These places of amusement are to be opened in the same time in November. The Crescent Theatre, being occupied temporarily by the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company, was the first to open its doors. "By Right of Sword" was the bill. In spite of the hot weather still prevailing, large crowds were in attendance. This week they play "The Confessions of a Wife," a very lurid melodrama. "The Tulane" with "A Message from an Angel" opened its doors on Sunday night, Sept. 2. The Baldwin Melville Stock Co. will open the Elysium on Sept. 16. This theatre has just been purchased by Harry Greenwall and Walter Baldwin. GUS. A. LLAMBIAS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—The season is from two to four weeks earlier in starting than last year. Another week will see all our local theatres open for the reception of patrons. At the Garrick Blanche Ring was seen in an improved version of "Miss Dolly Dollars," making a distinct success, especially in the musical numbers that had been arranged to suit her personality. Etienne Girardot, at the Chestnut St. Opera House, was seen in an excellent revival of that enduring farce, "Charley's Aunt." "Veronique," at the Lyric, emphasized a very favorable impression. The new German Theatre, at Franklin St. and Girard Ave., will be formally opened next Saturday evening. R. H. RUSSELL.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Sept. 6.—The season opened Aug. 28 with "His Highness the Bey," which played to a large and appreciative audience. Miss Freda Slemmons, who is an Arkansas girl and has often visited Pine Bluff, received a cordial welcome in "The Sweetest Girl in Dixie"; Kate Watson and Gus Cohan presented "The Hoosier Girl" in splendid style. "A Pair of Country Kids," Si Holler and Black Patti Troubadours were other attractions. Bartlett Bourne Company are booked for the week of Sept. 10. CHAS. A. GORDON.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 10.—The bookings at our leading playhouses promise much in new material and real merit. Madame Kalich, in "The Kreutzer Sonata," although a rather heavy theme for hot weather audiences, was well attended at the Belasco. Virginia Harned, in "The Love Letter," which followed at the same house, also

drew well. The Nixon opened with Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," a dramatic treat deserving larger patronage than was given. Madge Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs," the first time presented here, tested the capacity of the Nixon at every performance. The Alvin, under the management of Gulick and McNulty, reopened as a popular price house with "Under Southern Skies." Eva Tanguay, in "A Good Fellow," added to her popularity. The Grand has been redecorated and, with Harry Davis in control, is providing us with excellent vaudeville. Charles L. Blancy has entered the local field by leasing the Empire, an uptown playhouse, where he is competing with the Bijou in giving patrons a thrill for every minute. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 3.—The Chauncey Keefer Stock Company in a repertoire of standard plays attracted large audiences to the Academy of Music last week, and were well received. The Bowman Minstrel Troupe played to a crowded house. Next week is Old Home Week, and great preparations are being made for a gala holiday and festivities. Emma Bunting will be seen in a repertoire of popular plays at the Academy. S. R. L.

Portsmouth, O., Sept. 10.—Manager Fred. C. Higley closed the Millbrook Casino Labor Day week, and the business was the largest of the season, owing to the special attraction. With the closing of the Casino Stock Co. came the opening of the Orpheum Theatre, in high vaudeville. James F. Babin, the manager, promises some of the best acts obtainable the coming season. The attractions at the Grand have been few and not of a very high order, such as the Jewell Kelley Stock Co., "The Shop Lifter," Black Patti, and "The White Caps." ROY McELHANEY.

Pueblo, Colo., Sept. 1.—The new Earl's Theatre in this city is now one of the prettiest little houses in the Rocky Mountain country. It will be opened Sept. 3 under the management of G. M. Morris. The season at the Grand Opera House will open Sept. 9 with a stock company that will play a week's repertoire. The parks are still open, but the weather was so very cool during the latter days of August that business fell off considerably. SWEENEY.

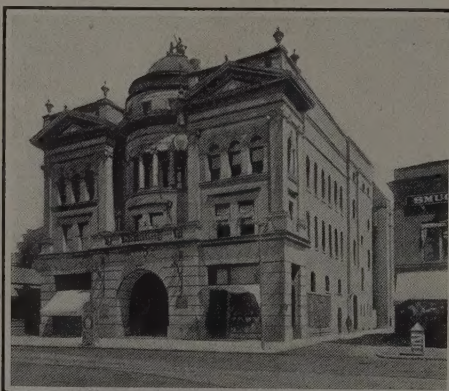
Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 6.—As yet the playgoers of this city have not enjoyed anything of note; the only opportunities we have had were "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" and "Piff, Paff, Poff"; they were fully as good as on their other appearances here, and played to fair business. IRWIN MACKELLAR.

Selma, Ala., Sept. 8.—The Academy of Music opened the season Sept. 3 with "A Runaway Match." The business was poor and the performance fair. On Sept. 5 we saw Neil Burgess in "The County Fair." There was a good attendance and the audience was well pleased. ED. LILIENTHAL.

Sioux City, Ia., Sept. 10.—The Sioux City Amusement Co. has erected a new house, the Lyric by name, with a seating capacity of 1,200. Harry Tallman, the youngest man in charge of an important theatre in the Middle West, has succeeded Thomas F. Boyd, the veteran theatrical man, as local manager of the New Grand Theatre, the theatre in which continues to abide Sioux City's chief hope of an interesting season. Mr. Tallman comes from Kansas City, where he was identified with the enterprises of Woodward and Burgess. The regular season was opened by David Higgins in his melodrama, "His Last Dollar," which, though it did not attract many of the regular theatregoers, thoroughly pleased three fair sized audiences. H. F. LUGERSOLL.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 10.—The Nelson Theatre, under the Shubert management, opened auspiciously Aug. 25, the attraction being Lew Fields' Company in "About Town." The theatre has been thoroughly renovated and is now very attractive with decorations of red and gold. Beatrice Vance also pleased at this house in "Queen of the Circus." The important event at Court Square was the engagement of Miss Nance O'Neil, who presented "Macbeth" and "Elizabeth, Queen of England" to large and appreciative audiences. The vaudeville season at Poli's opened Sept. 3 with record breaking attendance. H. W. ATWOOD.

St. John, N. B., Can., Sept. 8.—After a quiet summer the Opera House offered "Under Southern Skies" for three nights, Aug. 23-5, delighting large audiences. W. A. Brady's "Way Down East" played four nights, Aug.



THE AUDITORIUM, NEWARK, O.

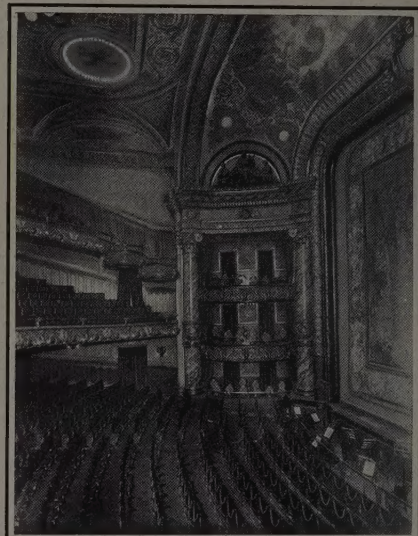
27-30. This production is very popular here, and as usual did a big business. New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition was held here Sept. 1-8, the attendance being over 70,000. For Exhibition week the Robinson Opera Co. played to exceptionally good houses in "Fra Diavolo," "Olivette," and "The Pirates of Morocco." Miss Mae Kilkoyne, at the head of the company, receiving a cordial reception. JAMES P. LUNNEY.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7.—The season opened August 26. "Checkers" at the Metropolitan pleased large audiences, and "In Old Kentucky" as usual taxed the capacity of the house. Week of Sept. 2 Chauncey Olcott in "Aileen Ashore" packed the Metropolitan. This was State Fair week, and the receipts at the Metropolitan for the week are the biggest in the history of that theatre. HOWARD ALTON TREAT.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The season in this city is now in full swing, and from present indications will be the biggest in the history of Syracuse playhouses. "The Mayor of Tokio" took particularly well. Moncomery and Stone in their new musical play, "The Red Mill," by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert, also proved a

winner. The Wieting Opera House gets all the big attractions. At the Bastable most of the time is taken with musical productions, either revivals of the best of the comic operas or the popular-priced musical plays. "Dolly Varden," with all the original costuming and scenery, did a satisfactory business. "Busy Izzy's Vacation," another piece on the musical order, also did well. The Grand Opera House will be again devoted to Keith's vaudeville. This house, as the case with the others, has been rejuvenated. E. C. HEISE.

Tamaqua, Pa., Sept. 10.—Manila Grove Park Theatre is still attracting large crowds and entertaining its patrons. The Noles, in comedy sketch; John Weitzels, Devoy and Miller, Billy Bowers, German comedian; Golden and Hughes, in blackface comedy, and Adams and White, musical experts, are provoking much laughter. The season closes the end of September. SYLVIAN R. LIVINGSTONE.



COLONIAL THEATRE, BOSTON, MASS.

Toledo, O., Sept. 10.—Summer theatricals are at an end, the Casino and Farm having closed after a most profitable season. Charlotte Townsend, a popular Toledo favorite, with her own company, was a head liner of the vaudeville bill which opened this theatre yesterday. Contrary to Dame Rumor the Empire continues with burlesque as heretofore. "Arizona" started the season at the Lyceum and played to capacity. Owing to the genius of Mr. Kelsey, the new manager of this house, he bids fair to become very popular. With the opening of the Valentine the theatrical season of 1906-07 will be on a full blast. RAY CARMEN WEST.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 10.—The regular season opened Sept. 4 with Jane Cocoran in "The Freedom of Susanne." The piece was followed by Billy Kersand's minstrel show. Whallen & Martell's "Brigadiers" are to appear here for three days during fair week. From then on till cooler weather we won't see very many first class attractions, but we are promised the cream of the season's bookings by the management. The Novelty Theatre, under the management of Al. G. Hagen, continues to do big business. The New Lyric Theatre, under the management of P. A. Campbell, opened for the season on the 9th. L. H. FRIEDMAN.

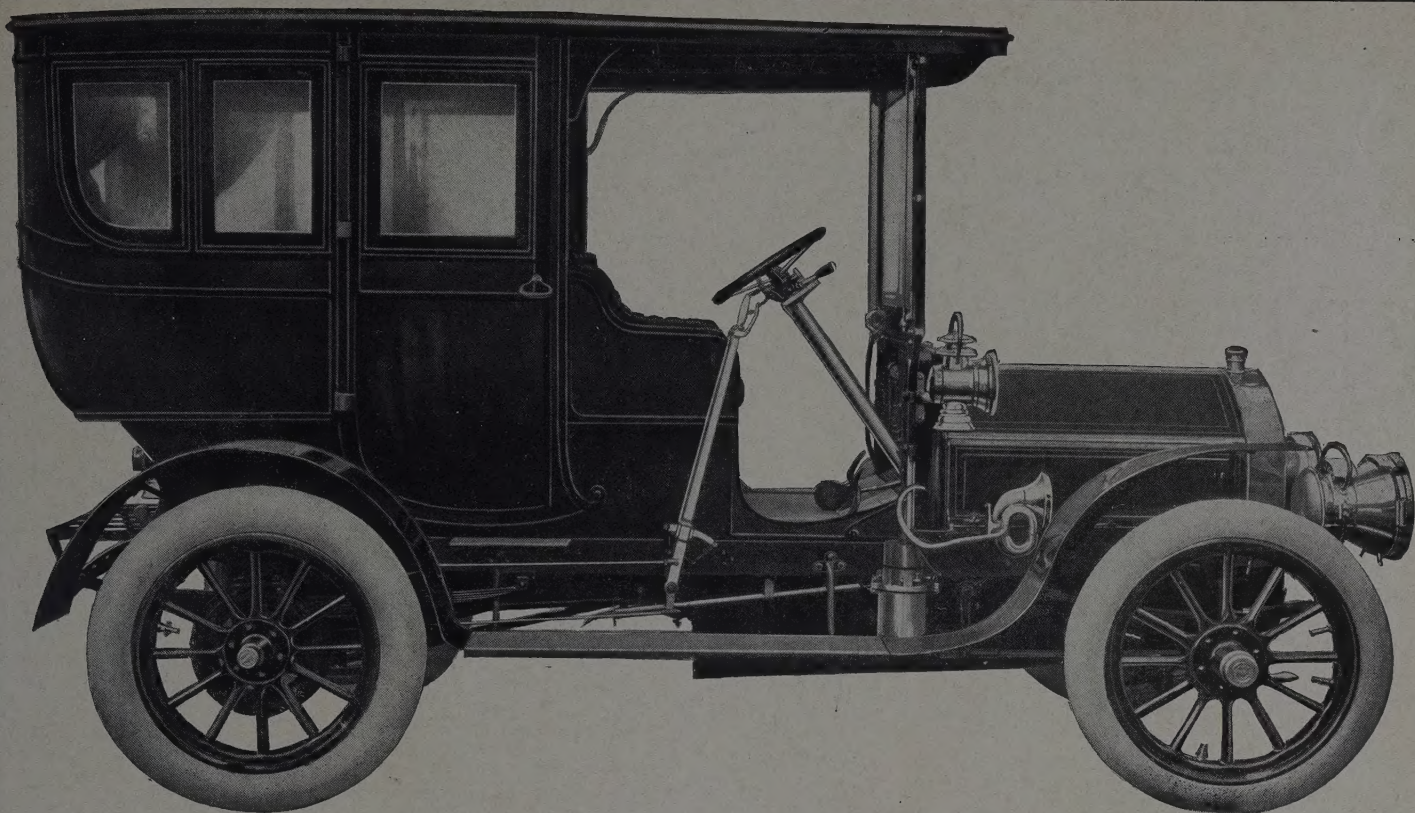
Vicksburg, Miss., Sept. 2.—Everything is in a bustle here at our Walnut St. Theatre, painting, cleaning and putting the finishing touches for our opening here on Wednesday next, Sept. 4. As a curtain raiser for the season of 1906-07 comes "His Highness the Bey," the following week "Si Holler" with his rustic characters, then comes Neil Burgess in "The County Fair." Closely following comes the ever popular comedians and laugh makers, York and Adams, who gave such fine satisfaction here and played to large houses last year. Then we have on our boards "A Soap Bubble" for the first time here. HENRY N. LEVY.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 8.—After extensive renovations, the National opened its doors Sept. 3 with Stanley Dark's new society play, "Man and His Angel," featuring Holbrook Blynn and Frances Ring. Mr. Blynn scored a hit as the deformed villain-heron, Tyrne. Master Gabriel and George Ali pleased large and enthusiastic audiences at the Columbia, Sept. 3, with "Little Jack Horner." Individual successes were also made by Blanche Deyo, Billy Clifford, "Slivers" Oakley, and Rice and Prevost. The Belasco will open Sept. 17 with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide." The New Lyceum, under the direction of the Empire Circuit, opened Aug. 27, instead of Aug. 13, which was the original announcement. KENNETH P. CLARKE.

Winnipeg, Can., Sept. 5.—Our season opens here on Monday, Sept. 10, when "The Maid and the Mummy" will be played in the Auditorium Ring, which has been turned into a temporary theatre until our new theatre is opened. The Winnipeg, C. P. Walker's old playhouse, is undergoing many changes and will soon open again under new management. The Bijou and other vaudeville houses are looking forward to a good season this year. E. MACFACHEN.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 10.—The Franklin Square Theatre opened Aug. 18 under the new management of Klaw & Erlanger. Primrose's Minstrels was the first offering, followed by Andrew Mack in "Arrah-na-Pogue," Byrnes Bros. in "Eight Bells," "David Harum," "Hoity Toity," and Nance O'Neil in "Macbeth." The Worcester Theatre, under the management of Shubert Bros., has presented Lew Fields' All-Star Company in "About Town." An excellent company, but the play being new had not the rough edges worn off. This was followed by Anna Eva Fay for two weeks to full houses. F. N. DRURY.

Zanesville, O., Sept. 10.—Vowel's Minstrels opened the season here and for the past two weeks we have had a good run of splendid drawing attractions. The Weller Theatre has been thoroughly overhauled and many new features have been added. The advance booking for the season does Manager J. G. Enright credit and promises lots of good shows for Zanesville theatregoers. A. H. LEVY.



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